

# THE ACADEMY.

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*The Letters of Lord Chesterfield to his Godson.*  
Edited, with a Memoir, by the Earl of Carnarvon. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

THESE letters, like their celebrated predecessors from the same writer to his natural son, were composed without any thought of subsequent publication, and are the frank and unrestrained expression of the writer's thoughts and feelings. Those written to the illegitimate Philip Stanhope were given to the world after his death by his widow, and they were published in spite of an attempt to restrain their appearance in print. These, composed for his godson and successor, the lawful Philip Stanhope, were cherished by the son of the recipient for years, and were then given to his son-in-law, Lord Carnarvon, with the hope that they would be published under the present editor's supervision. Affairs of state and other cares intervened to prevent the accomplishment of the task. The letters were placed on one side, and passed out of knowledge. Fortunately they were recovered without any injury to their condition; and they are now issued to the world with all the pomp of wide margins, thick paper, and choice illustrations. The volume does honour to all concerned in its production. Our only doubt is whether the letters would not have been more generally useful had they appeared in a volume of the same size and nature as Lord Stanhope's standard edition of the previous correspondence; but probably their second appearance will be after that fashion. The illustrations add character to the work. The frontispiece is engraved from Gainsborough's well-known painting of Lord Chesterfield (1769), in which he holds a volume of *Cicero de Senectute*—his favourite author, and the writer of the best Latin and the best sense, as he tells his godson. A second engraving, now produced for the first time, represents a companion picture of the young Philip Stanhope in the same year, resting his hand on a table where lie the classical works which Lord Chesterfield's fancy painted as supplying the quotations for his speeches in Parliament. Another depicts him now passed into middle-life in the farmyard at Bretby, and among the cattle that he bred. In the fourth are shown the two earls, Chesterfield and Scarborough, the latter being the high-minded peer who put an end to his existence; and the words "avulso deficit alter" in the corner express the grief with which the survivor lamented the loss of the "best man he ever knew and the dearest friend he ever had."

It is impossible not to feel some commiseration for the perpetual disappointment which clouded Lord Chesterfield's career, and equally

impossible to withhold our admiration from the energy with which, when one attempt ended in failure, he laid the foundations of another. Ambition to excel in politics marked all the working years of his life; but in the official world his name is only perpetuated through his splendid exile in Ireland. Even his marriage seems to have been intended to promote his advancement in office. His wife was the illegitimate daughter of the first George; but the marriage did not help him in his parliamentary career, and the death of her mother, rich as she was, brought no addition to his fortune. Chesterfield when under age was returned for an obscure borough in the West of England, and "from the day he was elected to the day that he spoke he thought nor dreamed of nothing but speaking." His illegitimate son was, no doubt with a view to future benefits, sent on the grand tour with the young patron of the same borough. On his return to Parliament, the old earl primed the youth with "infinite pains" for his maiden speech; but the performance was a failure, and its author could never be cajoled or coerced into making a second attempt. Some years later Chesterfield was driven to the mortification of arranging that the illegitimate Philip Stanhope should publicly acknowledge the failure of his hopes by withdrawing from St. Stephen's in return for a pecuniary consideration. In the case of the subject of the letters now first printed nothing but death spared him the distress of witnessing a second time the ruin of all his plans. The aim that he was driving at is apparent on every page. When the lawful Philip was a child less than ten years old he was enjoined to study the writings of Cicero as the best means of qualifying himself "to make a figure one day in Parliament." A year or two later the fond peer discourses to him on the necessity of learning the French language thoroughly if he wished to become, as he believed that the child did, a Secretary of State. Two years later follows the specific statement that the old man's object was to give his heir and successor "learning enough to distinguish himself in Parliament, and manners to shine in courts." The sincerity of these wishes is beyond a doubt, but the instruments for effecting their fulfilment were unhappily chosen. The youth's first preceptor was a dancing-master from France—a "needy Monsieur" Robert; and he was assisted by a tenth-rate versifier, one Cuthbert Shaw, whose excesses carried him to an early grave. These were succeeded in their turn by the notorious Dr. Dodd, a pretender to religion and to knowledge, with sufficient commercial instinct to see the advantage of the youth as an advertisement, and with impudence enough to write to Charles Yorke that he was about to move into Southampton Row, and desired his kind offices to obtain "two or three more young noblemen or gentlemen," who might be brought up with young Stanhope, and on the same system of education. A less happy selection of tutors for a promising youth could not have been made. Truth to tell, Lord Chesterfield, although he had spent a long life in the fashionable world, was no judge of character in ordinary life. When he went to Ireland, he took a young fop as his secretary, and gave as a reason that he meant to do all the

business himself. His natural abilities were sufficient for the task, without any assistance from a subordinate; but, excellent as they were, they would have proved inadequate had Warburton not declined the post of principal chaplain which was offered him. Even Chesterfield's suavity would not have been able to keep the peace with that turbulent priest stirring up the seething mass of ecclesiastical intrigue in Ireland.

As his years sped away, the habits of the young men of the day became more and more displeasing to the old peer. "Their manners are illiberal, and their ignorance is notorious. They are sportsmen, they are jockeys, they know nor love nothing but dogs and horses, racing and hunting." To Chesterfield all this was distasteful. He stood almost alone in his class as an opponent of field sports. He boasted to his godson that he had never in his life "killed his own meat," adjured him to refrain from killing any game himself, and stigmatised country sports generally as "the effects of the ignorance and idleness of country esquires." His godson was to be framed in a very different mould. He was to pass his days as the best-bred gentleman in England. Possessed of abundant powers of wit, he was to keep them always in reserve. "A wise man," runs one of the most trenchant sayings in the letters, "will live at least as much within his wit as within his income." He was to know the chief languages in Europe, "for a man that knows all languages is of all countries, as a man who knows history is of all times." In the perfect character learning was always found combined with true politeness, and with Lord Chesterfield the end of education consisted of good manners in society. Occasionally he strikes a deeper note, and nowhere more clearly than in the letter on "duty to God and duty to man," which Lord Carnarvon has reproduced in facsimile. In this he sums up the rules of life—adoration and thanksgiving to the Creator, and doing unto man what he would wish that man should do unto him, without any *arrière pensée*; in this he inculcates virtue for virtue's sake, and without any regard to the effect which it might have on the good opinion of his contemporaries. His discretion was not always so sound. A quotation from Dryden that life is "all a cheat" does not strike as a happy selection of a passage for a child of six to learn by heart, and to remember as long as he lived. It was hardly judicious to tell a boy of ten that "the most entertaining and the most instructive company" was a volume of Voltaire. The reference to the possibility of the youth's father marrying for a third time is not couched in the best taste. Nor was it discreet to keep on worrying the youth with the monotonous application of the words *Hoc age*, and to be always throwing at his head the praises of his sister's application and attention. To tell him in every letter that his sister, with less years and less aids to learning, is more advanced in knowledge than he is would not be productive of good feeling from brother to sister, and would discourage the child in his studies.

These letters show what Lord Chesterfield wished his godson to be and what he himself was. From the first, ambition fired his movements.

"I laboured hard," says the wearied politician in his declining days, "to outstrip my contemporaries in learning. I was mortified if in our little plays they seemed more dextrous than I was; nay, I was uneasy if they danced, walked, or sang more genteelly than myself."

In the last of these objects he gained, by the common consent of mankind, the front place; in learning many of his companions left him far behind in the race. The chief Latin authors, especially Cicero, Horace, and Martial, he read and quoted continually; but his misquotations are numerous, and some of them seem to show that he never could have mastered the rudiments of Latin versification. The French language was his special study, partly as the medium of diplomacy and partly as the language of society; and half of the letters are composed in French, yet not with a perfect command of idiom. The pains with which he studied the success of his rivals is frankly confessed, and the necessity of imitating their industry is hourly repeated to his godson. He asked Bolingbroke how he "could always speak with so much extempore eloquence even in private conversation, without it's smelling of the lamp," and received the reply that St. John had studied diction from the age of twelve or thirteen. Chatham, he himself knew, had practised the art of speaking every day for the past thirty years. Charles Yorke is commended to the young Stanhope for his great figure in parliament, which he deserved by the great pains he had taken to gain success. What the youth should avoid in society was exemplified in the person of Addison, "the most timid and awkward man in good company I ever saw; and no wonder, for he had been wholly cloystered up in the cells of Oxford till he was five-and-twenty years old." Chesterfield's ideal was "a cooll intrepid assurance with great seeming modesty," and the first of these qualities had by practice become part of his being. Application, persistent application, was the theme of his letters, whether his examples came from politics, society, or the stage. Garrick was at first a very mediocre actor, but talent and study had raised him to perfection. "Observe Garrick," he cries, "and you will find that throughout his part he never has a look, nor a motion, but what is strictly relative and necessary to it."

What then was the fate of the youth to whom this garrulous old man gossipped on ambition and prattled on philosophy? He lived and died without distinction in the senate, and without shining in courts; a sober, steady, sensible Englishman, finding his pleasures in rural life and in the sports which Chesterfield loathed.

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*The Manx Witch.* (Macmillan.)

*The Doctor.* New Edition. (Sonnenschein.)

*Fo'c'sle Yarns.* New Edition. (Macmillan.)

THERE has been nothing of its kind so good as *The Manx Witch* since *The Doctor*, just as there had been nothing of its kind so good as *The Doctor* since *Fo'c'sle Yarns*. It is perfectly delicious. In humour, in pathos, in character, in local atmosphere, in dialect, and

in the poetry of rude life, it is quite the most masterly thing of recent years. I make no qualifications whatever in the extent and quality of this praise in favour of any productions of the kind known to me. *The Manx Witch* is a work of clear and absolute genius. There is not a page of it that a writer of mere talent could touch; there is hardly a passage that is not alive with the life that genius alone can give. It is not a better work than *Betsy Lee*, but that is because *Betsy Lee* is altogether the best poem of its class in the whole range of English verse.

I find it impossible to judge rightly of *The Manx Witch* apart from *The Doctor* and *Fo'c'sle Yarns*. They are a trilogy, so to speak, of dramatic poetry. The same characters run through them, and their scene is the same. Their method of verse—irregular, broken, spasmodic, narrative—is peculiar to them, although, of course, one sees the influence of Browning's manner, and perhaps even, in a slight degree, of that of Mr. Bret Harte. But they have real individuality of style, and there is never a page that is not proper to it. Indeed, the author of *Fo'c'sle Yarns* is, in my judgment, one of the very few men now writing who have any distinct style at all. He is a poet of a very true and rare kind. He has great command of the passions, the liveliest fancy, the quietest wit and humour, so rich and racy, so buoyant, so generous, so sweet and sunny that the like of it I do not know in any living man. Nevertheless, I doubt if he can ever be very popular. If he were an actor he would be so quickly enough—not a second Robson, but a comedian without a prototype. No one could hear him read this trilogy of narrative dramas (for that seems to be the only name for them) without being moved to laughter and tears at every page and nearly every line. But the amazing and ineradicable objection of ninety-nine hundredths of readers to all forms of dialect must be one insurmountable obstacle in the way of their popularity. Yet anybody may master this Manx *patois* in half an hour, and the half-hour will be well spent that opens up a mine so full of genuine ore as these three delightful books.

As mere stories the poems are excellent, though the strength of the writer does not lie in the invention of incident. They are love stories almost without exception, and depict the love passion as it has never been depicted in late years except in Mr. Blackmore's masterpiece. It is the simple side of love, its happy, joyous innocent thrill, not its depths of pain, not its guilty struggles, that they describe. Nothing more delicious, more delicate, more charming, than the best love passages in these three books do I know or can I conceive of. They are flowers as fresh as the dewdrop, and they lose none of their beauty for me by reason of the thistles of rustic speech that grow beside them. It would be impossible to weed them of these thistles, for flowers and thistles grow together. Some of the stories come closer than others to this sunny side of the love passion, and those that come closest to it are the best. Nevertheless they are often tragical in their termination, or end in a tender melancholy. Some of them are very strong in mere incident, though power of that kind is not their great quality.

"*Betsy Lee*," "*Christmas Rose*," "*The*

*Doctor*," and "*The Manx Witch*," have all got passages that are almost as startling and powerful as the sand-storm in *The Maid of Sker*. But no one would say that power is half so potent a factor in the art of Mr. Blackmore as charm; and whatever the rugged power of Mr. Brown's verse, its charm through its rough vehicle is the quality that stands first.

As "poems of province" these books have hardly their equal anywhere. The Manxman lives here as he lives in the flesh. It is the living man that is here depicted: his speech, his habits, his occupations, his beliefs, his superstitions, his gait, and the very tones of his voice. The island described is Mann and no other place in the wide world. Not Mann as it is after it has gone through the mind of a romancer—an idealised, rarified, glorified, transfigured Mann, a sort of island of Prospero, a good deal bewitched—but the everyday, work-a-day, Isle of Mann. I can scent its very air in these pages, as of mingled brine and gorse-blossom and fresh peat; and I can see its stark-green hills that are dotted over with the gold of the cushag, and its glens that are pink and white with the fuchsia. Then the ways of life of the people, their manners and customs, their folk-talk and tales, their proverbs and saws and old ballads and Christmas "carvals," they are all here. The "melya," and "Oiel Verree," and the "Hunting of the Wren," and the May-night fires, and the last cut of corn, and the honours paid to St. Stephen and St. Bridget—not one of them is forgotten. The religion of the Manxman, too, is painted like a picture, that amusing mixture of puritanism and its opposite, that grim white-face sanctity that is never altogether free of a big boisterous laugh somewhere behind it. One trait the reader of these books may miss—a hint of the Manxman's patriotism. But he would also look for it in vain if he studied the Manxman in the flesh. Patriotism as an active trait, meaning thereby not only a love of country, but a passion to serve it, to protect its rights, to maintain its ancient laws and customs, can hardly be said to exist in the Manxman. More is the pity; and too soon all that makes the dear old island interesting to study, curious and amusing, and very sweet and touching—it's childlike faith, its superstition, its poetry of common speech, its Norse laws and constitution—will be gone for ever. But when that evil time comes and Manxmen have made their ways of life as much as possible like those of Englishmen, there will still remain one record of absolute truth and fulness to tell how Manxmen lived when Mann had some right to call itself "the little nation"—these three books by a Manxman of genius.

It would be easy to say much of the dialect of the poems, and open thereby a large question, but I have neither space nor inclination to discuss the function of *patois* in poetry. To me it is quite incredible that any reader with power to master dialect should doubt its right to exist there. Such vividness as it gives, brightening humour, softening pathos, sharpening wit, can never fail of recognition; and I do not think that any writer of rustic verse has used this powerful instrument with more dexterity, more ease, more power, and even more grace than Mr. Brown. Here are three considerable volumes written almost through-

out in irregular couplets of Manx dialect, and yet I do not know of any similar body of verse in a uniform measure in which the rhyme itself oppresses you so little. You read on from page to page (once you get the trick of the movement and an idea of the dramatic method) without the very faintest oppression of rhyme, such as comes like a bodily affliction in many a poem of real quality after the first dozen pages have been passed. And yet I should say that the difficulties of free movement in dialect verse are greater in the degree of ten to one than in the verse of pure language. This dialect of Mr. Brown's is not pure Manx; but that is not a fault, the chief narrator being a sailor who has picked up words in all corners of the earth. The Manx part of it is such as no other man whatever can write. It is the exact echo of the actual speech, not the word merely, but the tone. I can hear it as distinctly in these pages as if it was still falling every day on my bodily ear. The shrill tones, which, perhaps, come of the effort to speak above the shrill winds that whistle over the mountains, the deep tones that may be bora of the deep swell of the seas, they are here as full and true as it is possible to give them. The dialect is dying out in Manx before the inroads of the "tripper." It is spoken nowhere now as it is written here, except in the heart of the island; and even there it will soon be lost and forgotten.

There is a better quality in this verse as a vehicle than its fidelity, and that is its amazing felicity. It is full of simile; and the simile is sometimes as sweet and graceful as in the poetry that is not called rustic; but more often it is rude and rugged in the last degree, and therein lies its real quality. Everyone who knows anything of the rustic knows how startling and fit and true and complete are the rough figures in which he constantly speaks. More of these figures have never been gleaned by anyone than by Mr. Brown; and, if he has invented a few to add to them, he has done it with astonishing dramatic truth.

But the great quality of all possessed by the three books, of which (as I gather from the preom) *The Manx Witch* is to be the last, is character. The people who move through this series of dramas, for dramas they are, are as vivid and vital as any to be found in recent imaginative literature. The dear Parson Gale, the "Pazon" and "ould angel," the simple old doctor, the "dooineymolla," Tommy Big Eyes, Cain the farmer, "Christmas Rose," Betsy Lee, and, last and best, Tom Baynes—I hardly know a group of people so real to me. I seem to have known them all my life. I like some of them better than others, and the "ould angel" best of all. Manxmen are a queer hodge-podge, an amusing and even ludicrous combination of contrary qualities. They can be mean as well as generous, close as well as open, crafty as well as single-hearted, envious, cantankerous, and not above a touch of downright hypocrisy. But there is a type of old Manxman who would be hard to beat in sweetness and simplicity among all the peoples of the earth. He unites the best qualities of both the sexes—as soft and gentle as a dear old woman, and as firm of purpose as a strong man.

Garrulous, full of platitudes, easily moved to tears by a story of sorrow, and as easily taken in, but beloved, and trusted, and reverenced by all the little world about him. If he is a farmer he sits at the head of his table in the kitchen, with his sons and daughters and man-servants and maid-servants beside him, and save for ribald gossip and broad oaths no man of whatever condition abridges the flow of talk for his presence. If he is a parson he is the father of his parish, and lives like a patriarch among his people. This dear old soul, this "ould angel," can only be seen in the flesh in the Isle of Man; but if anyone wishes to see him in literature, let him compare an exact and beautiful portrait to the "Pazon" of the Rev. Tom Brown.

There is another Manx type, as racy, as simple, as single-hearted, as easily moved to laughter and tears, as garrulous, but a little touch more crafty, and a big touch more profane. Great he is at a yarn of the "ould island," a tale of sweetheating, or drinking, or going to the devil. A sort of oracular old salt, fond of advising and arbitrating, a keen swordsman, skilful at cut-and-thrust, not to be bullied, up to anything, down to anything, capable of as much tenderness as the baby of a girl, but a very bull-dog to anyone that shows his teeth. This is Tom Baynes—Tom, the spinner of these "fo'c'sle yarns," young Tom as he was in "Betsy Lee," old Tom as he is, though he will not allow it, in *The Manx Witch*. He is the best, the fullest, the largest, the truest of the many characters of these books. He is a real character really worked out. He is not a Manxman, but the Manxman, and his author's best gift to his country. "Old salt, old rip, old friend, Tom Baynes comes *fust*."

HALL CAINE

#### TWO HUNTERS IN THE FAR WEST.

*Cruising in the Cascades*: a Narrative of Travel, Exploration, Amateur Photography, Hunting, and Fishing. By G. O. Shields. (Sampson Low.)

*Trooper and Redskin in the Far North-West*. By John G. Donkin. (Sampson Low.) Both of these books relate to Western America, and both are engrossed by memories of hunting trips. But while Mr. Donkin was occupied for three years in chasing thieves, Indians, rebels, and unruly folk with a propensity for running cattle over the Canadian border without paying the *ad valorem* 20 per cent. which the Dominion exacts on such importations, Mr. Shields's volume contains the reminiscences of trips undertaken for purposes sufficiently specified on its title-page.

Only, we must take exception to the claim which he puts forward as an "explorer." That he is not; for all of the country over which his sporting excursions extended is, geographically, well known, though, no doubt, to the ordinary reader much of it will be quite new. The districts described are for the most part on the Pacific side of the Rocky Mountains, in the Cascade Mountains—that remarkable range running the entire length of North-West America, from Puget Sound to Harrison River in British Columbia. Here he hunted bear and mountain goats, when

they could be got, antelope and elk (wapiti), and at a period when the plains were black with them, the now all but extinct buffalo. The habits and mode of circumventing these animals are sketched with spirit and accuracy, and occasionally with some literary power. As a rule, however, the papers in which the latter merit is most conspicuous are those which have already appeared in two of the American magazines.

The chapters which have not passed through the editorial fire are less concisely written and disfigured with a more than acceptable seasoning of Chicago slang. "And, come to think of it," the author remarks in his prefatory explanations regarding the motives which compelled his reappearance in print, "I guess I won't attempt, any way." And he is discreet in so acting, though the revision of his pages by a kindly eye might have saved them from many blunders, pieces of indifferent English, and not a few errors of taste. It is, for instance, absurd to affirm that the author met with incivility in British Columbia because he was an American. As this Canadian province is almost an outlying portion of the United States, the American who receives the cold shoulder there is likely to experience this unfriendliness more from aggressive swagger on his part personally than from any ill-will to what Mr. Shields terms "my Nation (with a big N)." It is also characteristic of the Western American to describe Victoria, a town barely thirty years old, as "quaint, old, ultra English," with "an air of age and independence." Mr. Shields, however, is fond of this mode of expressing his approval. Thus he talks of "the Grand Old North Pacific"—a line of railway which was opened only two or three years ago; of "old Mount Hood"; of "Portland, that old and far-famed metropolis of the North Pacific Coast"; of "Tacoma, that grand old pinnacle"; of "Old Mount Douglass," and so forth.

But "bad form" in the shape of hodomontade and fine writing are not the only features in Mr. Shields's useful volume which might have been spared the reader. It contains many actual misstatements. We do not refer to the spelling of points named after the late Sir James Douglas with a double s, or even to his extraordinary characterisation of the Frazer River as "mysterious" (p. 59), the course of few streams in Western America being better known, or to the doubtful assertion that there are hundreds of firs in Puget Sound "over 300 feet high" (p. 39), only one of which I knew to be accurately measured reaching that altitude. But when he informs us (p. 31) that the Indians know Mount Tacoma as "Rainier" it is necessary to protest. The facts are the exact opposite. "Tacoma" is the native name; "Rainier," like "Baker," being one of Vancouver's officers, after whom the peaks sighted by him in the Cascades were named. Again, his Chinook is seldom right. For example, *yakka hyak* does not mean "he can come." What the Indian must have said was *yakka chako hyak*. Nor is *ikta mika mammook* "at what." Once more, "Siwash" does not mean "a coast Indian," but *any* Indian, being simply a corruption of the French *sauvage*. Mr. Shields blunders still further when he repeats a long-explored absurdity

in the shape of a legend that the Chinook jargon was the invention of an "employé of the Hudson's Bay Company" (p. 102). This, like the story of *slahoya* (how do you do?) being an Indianised form of "Clark, how are you?" is pure fiction, which by this time ought to be banished from the pages of any book at all affecting accuracy. As every well-informed philologist knows, it arose at Astoria, near the Columbia River mouth, and is based on the language of the Chinook Indians who congregated round the pioneer fort of the fur companies, the jargon gradually, as is the case with every other Lingua Franca, getting mixed with corrupted words from various Indian tongues brought by *voyageurs* and traders from the posts at which they had been stationed, and many from the English, French, and (though Gibbs denies this assertion) Hawaiian languages.

Beyond these, and a few similar misstatements which might be pointed out, Mr. Shields's *Cruisings* is to be commended as a lively sketch of a hunter's life in the West, though we feel bound to qualify this admission by adding that it contains little which has not been repeatedly told in a form quite as readable, apart from the fact that the author has a habit of quoting from other writers without giving any indication as to their personality. Some of the illustrations, mainly from his own photographs (those on pp. 18, 20, 22, 24, 25, 50, 88, &c., for example), are singularly good, while others (pp. 116, 127, 158, 160, 224) are quite the contrary. It would also have been well had Mr. Shields thought fit to have added an index to his tastefully got-up volume.

Mr. Donkin's book is less pretentious, though we venture to think destined for a longer lease of life than Mr. Shields's. As member of the Canadian North-West Mounted Police, the author saw three years of rough service in what Sir William Butler calls the "Great Lone Land"—the region north of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. His narrative of dismal marches when the cold was 46° below zero, and "blizzards" rendered life almost intolerable, and of merrier times, when the forest and prairie were gay with their brief season of sunshine, is told with some *verve*, and an amount of literary style not to be expected under the circumstances. Unfortunately, however, that portion of his volume which is most original is just that section which will be least read in this country. The author shared in the rough campaign against Riel and his rebels, and, for the first time, supplies a substantial account of that affair. But Louis Riel is dead, and his revolt now very ancient history. On the other hand, Mr. Donkin's description of the Saskatchewan country is, from circumstances over which he has little control, rather monotonous. For the land is not very varied. The Indians and their ways have also been more than once studied by greater ethnologists than he, so that it would be unfair to expect any revelations in the few pages devoted to them in their altered condition. Still, Mr. Donkin's chapters have the undeniable merit of describing the latest aspect of the ever progressive settlements of the North West, in a region unreach'd by the "globe trotter," and of supplying wholesome antidotes to the falsehoods scattered broadcast by emigration

agents anxious to beguile colonists into these inhospitable latitudes.

The book is, moreover, very readable, and written with a skill which does the ex-corporal of police the highest credit. Perhaps, however, he would do well when the second edition is called for to avoid a proneness—not uncommon with young authors—for calling a spade an agricultural implement, and an old half-caste woman "an ancient half-breed of the feminine gender," and to eschew a cockney tendency to draft all his similes and standards of comparison from London. A trifle less parade of phrases which bear the smack of a dictionary of quotations might likewise improve his pages; while it goes without saying that there was no necessity for following in the footsteps of Col. Burnaby, Mr. Stanley, and some less notable travellers, by giving free advertisement to anybody's pills or anybody else's elixir of life. In common with Mr. Shields, Mr. Donkin thinks fit to placard his portrait opposite the title-page of his modest volume; and, like the former gentleman, he fails to remember how valuable an index is to those who may in the future search its pages—as they deserve to be searched—for some of the many interesting facts scattered through them.

ROBERT BROWN.

*The Modern Chess Instructor.* By W. Steinitz. Part I. (Putnam's.)

This book thoroughly answers the expectations of the chess world, whose members have long looked forward to its appearance. Mr. Steinitz has for many years held the foremost place as a practical exponent of match play. Since the lamented death of Dr. Zukertorff he stands alone as an original, painstaking analyst; and in this first part of his work we have the results of his long years of labour in that field.

This first part contains, besides introductory chapters, a detailed analysis of the Ruy Lopez, the double Ruy Lopez, the Scotch Gambit, the Two Knights' defence, and Petroff's and Philidor's defences to the Knights' game, such analysis being followed in each case by illustrative games actually played by leading masters. To show the thoroughness of the work, it is enough to state that forty-two variations of the Ruy Lopez are given, followed by twenty celebrated games in illustration of this opening; fifty-four variations of the Scotch Gambit, with twelve illustrative games; and no less copiousness of detail in the other openings given.

The majority of the variations are of course familiar to chess players, being taken from the leading authorities; but in every opening striking novelties are introduced, and in one or two cases, if Mr. Steinitz's innovations stand the test of match play, a real revolution will be effected. For instance, in the Ruy Lopez, he proposes as best for the defence P to Q 3 for the third move, followed in some cases by P to K B 4, which apparently does away with all the complications arising in every form of the ordinary old defences, which have made this opening specially a trap for the unwary.

In the Scotch Gambit there is not much novelty of treatment. Mr. Steinitz has appar-

ently abandoned his preference for the defence adopted by him in the correspondence match between London and Vienna, which he stuck to in his match with Blackburne, and has now adopted as best the defence specially recommended by Zukertorff, and I believe first brought into vogue by that great player.

WHITE.

1. P K 4
2. Kt K B 3
3. P Q 4
4. Kt r P
5. B K 3
6. P Q B 3
7. Q Q 2

BLACK.

1. P K 4
2. Kt Q B 3
3. P t P
4. B B 4!
5. Q B 3
6. Kt K 2
7. P Q 4!

Mr. Steinitz's demonstration that Black's seventh move may be made not only with safety, but with advantage, appears conclusive; and the variations given in columns 4, 5, and 6, are singularly elegant in support of this thesis. Columns 1 and 2, in fact, demolish Mr. Steinitz's former favourite counter attack, (4) Q R 5 (Black), in an equally effective way.

The novelties in the treatment of the Two Knights' game are equally striking. This defence, originally adopted to evade the possibility of the Evans attack, was met some forty years ago by the sacrifice of a piece, which was long considered sound, and the attack obtained thereby invincible. Mr. Steinitz was, I believe, the first to prove the unsoundness of this sacrifice, accepted as best in Staunton's Handbook; and in column 19 and the following, the proof to this effect is conclusive. In columns 3, 4, 5, and 6, Mr. Steinitz shows that by means of a preliminary move, (6) P Q 4, the sacrifice becomes perfectly sound, and that consequently the fifth move for Black, Kt t. P, is not reliable. It was the consciousness of the dangers resulting from that Morphy move that led players from the time of downwards to play (5) Q Kt R 4 (Black) at this stage; and the position resulting from the consequent variation has for many years been a problem to analysts and practical players as to the consequent result of the Two Knights' game.

The following are the moves in question :

WHITE.

1. P K 4
2. Kt K B 3
3. B Q B 4
4. Kt Kt 5
5. P t. P
6. B Kt 5 ch
7. P t. P
8. B K 2!

BLACK.

1. P K 4
2. Kt Q B 3
3. Kt K B 3
4. P Q 4
5. Kt Q R 4!
6. P Q B 3
7. P t. P
8. P K R 3

At this point all previous writers have considered (9) Kt B 3 to be the only possible retreat for the Knight, which is followed by (9) P K 5, (10) Kt K 5, and Black has at the cost of a Pawn obtained a strong counter attack, which every player in practice must have found most puzzling to meet. Mr. Steinitz in this treatise has greatly strengthened this counter attack, and shown that the utmost White can hope is to obtain a drawn game, after being exposed to the most dangerous complications.

The remedy proposed by Mr. Steinitz is as simple as Columbus's egg, when once pointed out, and appears to be perfectly efficacious. He suggests the retreat of the Kt to K R 3, and shows in his col 1 that the consequent doubling of the K R P in this position can be encountered absolutely without disadvantage.

It is unnecessary to follow Mr. Steinitz

through all the openings contained in his first part. The student will find himself everywhere under the guidance of an instructor disinclined to stick in the old ruts, and always on the look out for originality. The book is distinctly provocative of thought in the student, and he should be specially careful when he imagines the master to have fallen into error. Mr. Steinitz does not explain everything, and on such occasions he will probably find that the error lies only in his own perception.

As the chief exponent of the modern school of chess, it was to be expected that Mr. Steinitz would lay down the principles of that school, as he does in his sixth and seventh introductory chapters. It has long been an axiom with leading practitioners that it is wrong to advance either R P to the third square unnecessarily, and these have been tauntingly called "country moves." The real objection to such moves is explained clearly in this book. They create weak squares, or, as Mr. Steinitz calls them, "holes," where an adverse piece may be posted with fatal effect. The keenest struggle between first-class practitioners is often to compel the adversary to create such weak squares, which are often productive of greater advantage than mere material superiority. The old masters were of course equally alive to the advantages resulting from posting a piece with security in the heart of the enemy's game, but Philidor's principles of play a century back certainly did not entertain the objection of modern theory to the creation of weak squares by the advance of Pawns.

In addition to the analysis of the openings mentioned Mr. Steinitz's book contains the whole twenty games of his latest match with Tchigorin, copiously annotated. The peculiarity of this match consisted in Steinitz, as first player, invariably playing the close game first brought into vogue by his great rival Zukertort, and Tchigorin, with one exception, always playing the Evans attack, defended throughout by Steinitz in a way that will find favour with no other practitioner. It suffices to say that the best result of this defence, as modified and improved by Steinitz after the close of the match, results in the complete block of Black's Queen's pieces, the loss of the Pawn won in the opening, the travels of the King who is unable to castle, with the prospect of a possible final advantage of Pawns on the Queen's side, for which no player but Mr. Steinitz would be willing to suffer to such an extent. Mr. Steinitz may be right in theory as to the validity of his new defence, but in practice he will have no followers.

Having written so much in just praise of this book, I must exert a critic's right to censure. The arrangement of the book sacrifices clearness to economy of space—especially in the case of the games; as the copious notes and diagrams occupy three times as many pages as the games themselves, the student has the great inconvenience, when playing over the former, of hunting for the notes from page to page. To the young player this constant shifting from place to place would render the correct playing of the moves most difficult, and make them often incomprehensible through resultant errors.

The correction of the press, so vital in chess works, is also not so accurate as it might be. I know well from experience the great difficulty of correcting the press in the printing of chess matter; but a work like this, that must be a standard authority, ought to be absolutely accurate, and unfortunately it cannot be said that this is the case. As an example, in a well-known variation of the Scotch Gambit, column 37, p. 72, the moves are printed as follows.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P K 4	1. P K 4
2. Kt K B 3	2. Kt Q B 3
3. P Q 4	3. P t. P
4. B B 4	4. B B 4
5. Kt Kt 5	5. Kt R 3?
6. Q R 5	6. Q B 3

We need not go further. The learner will be led to imagine that Black's fifth move is an error; whereas it is the only possible move to avoid loss, and it is Black's sixth move that is the questionable one—the correct move being (6) Q K 2, as shown in column 36. The only object of column 37 is to show the learner how to take advantage of the weak move (6) Q B 3, but by the mark of interrogation being placed against the wrong move he is led quite astray.

On the whole, this is the most valuable chess work that has ever been offered to the public, while its price (six shillings) places it within reach of all. There is no player, whatever may be his strength, who will not reap advantage by placing himself in the hands of this most competent Chess Instructor.

JAMES INNES MINCHIN.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*Arminell: a Social Romance.* By the Author of "Mehalah." In 3 vols. (Methuen.)

*Would You kill Him?* By George Parsons Lathrop. In 3 vols. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

*The Silver Whistle.* By Naseby. In 2 vols. (W. H. Allen.)

*Mrs. Bob.* By John Strange Winter. In 2 vols. (White.)

*Eleanor Lewknor.* By B. Pullen-Barry. In 2 vols. (Remington.)

*Mrs. Fenton.* By W. E. Norris. (Longmans.)

*Where the Jew falls in London.* By Sarah Doudney. (Nisbet.)

*The Wild Ruthvens.* By Curtis Yorke. (Jarrold.)

*The Spanish Poniard.* By T. A. Pinkerton. (Sonnenschein.)

*Sheila.* By Annie S. Swan. (Oliphant, Anderson & Co.)

MR. BARING-GOULD, in his latest novel, deals with the question of class inequality. He treats of it from every possible point of view: from that of the aristocrat, convinced of his rights and his duties; from that of the young woman-aristocrat, saturated with a sense of the glaring want of justice in our social economy; from that of the mystic and the religious enthusiast; from that of the pauper and the oppressed; from that of the Radical politician; and from that of the young man of the lower middle class, who has received the education of a gentleman, but who yet, by

virtue of his birth and inherited drawbacks, feels himself shut out from circles that would have been congenial to him. But, thus full as it is, the book on the whole is disappointing. No one sets the right way to work to remedy the ills of his position. Arminell herself, Lord Lamerton's daughter, on whom the unsatisfactory state of society flashes in a burst, simply runs away to London with her brother's tutor, Giles Saltren, whom she believes to be an illegitimate son of her father, hoping thus to force his recognition. Arrived in London, she finds that the young man's mother has made up the story of his noble birth, and that he really is the bastard of a very undesirable pauper. Therefore, all full of high ideas and dreams as she was, she settles down to be cook, general servant, and nursemaid in the family of James Welsh, a Radical journalist, and is finally converted to the gospel of the humdrum. James Welsh, on the other hand, becomes convinced of the error of his levelling-down doctrines, and forthwith preaches the gospel of levelling-up. That is the ultimate idea of the book, but Mr. Baring Gould gives no practical hint as to how the general amelioration is to be brought about. Probably it was his intention to give none. But, while the book is disappointing because of the silly actions of some of its characters, there are many fine scenes and passages in it. The character-drawing is able and original. The sensitive, refined, and morbid tutor, his lying and bragging mother, his mystic half-mad father, the unfortunate Lord Lamerton, the brilliant and sharp-sighted James Welsh, all stand out from each other in distinct individuality. It must be added that Mr. Baring Gould's besetting sin of garrulosity, which was comparatively under control in *The Pennycomequicks*, here runs rampant. We have sermon after sermon, illustration after illustration, from the rich stores of the author's wide experience—albeit there is some charm of wisdom or humour in everything he writes.

The American wheat market, unpromising as such a source seems, furnishes a good deal of the subject-matter of *Would You kill Him?* One chapter is even called "A Symphony in Quotations"; and the various quotations of the fluctuating market are set as passages of music, and appropriately marked crescendo or scherzo. The chapter ends with a funeral march and a crash of trombones, portending ruin to the operators. The father of the girl to whom the hero, Roger Holsclaw, is engaged, is ruined with the rest; and Ida, the girl, insists on giving her lover up, as her father, by causing him to venture money in the same speculation, has almost broken him too. Roger is anxious to marry her, but she persists in refusing to let him. Her young brother, Frank Vail, vows vengeance for ever against him for not forcing her. Roger goes away and prospers, and finally marries a charming girl, who has been dedicated by her parents to "the higher life." They might have been perfectly happy but for an insinuating female friend, Lily Britton by name, a personage whom everyone knows under various aliases; and who with the most transparent guilelessness and friendship generally succeeds in separating husbands and wives, and in leaving misery and mistrust behind her. Lily Britton

contrives to find out the fact of Roger's former engagement, breathes horrid suspicions into the young wife's ear, and gets into collusion with Frank Vail, whose thirst for vengeance is greater than ever. Helpless, exasperated, and desperate, Roger unwittingly commits the awful act which makes him legally, but hardly morally, deserving of the last penalty of the law. Perhaps the speculations on the wheat market have too much prominence in the first part of the story, but the second and third volumes are full of interest. The writing is throughout forcible and direct, and the more important scenes are depicted with great vividness.

As a variation from the heroine with whom every man falls in love we have in *The Silver Whistle* a hero who subjugates every female heart. One lady was once or twice on the point of proposing for him. To the reader Edgar Sydney is a little difficult to understand. A man who, after a promising career at college, takes to racing and sport, and yet is supposed to cherish within him the noblest devotion to the highest ideals, is rather an anomaly. Naseby's women characters are far more true to life, and are intensely interesting. The perpetual contrast between Bridget (the well-born, with her brilliance, impudence, scepticism, high culture, sarcasm, restlessness, and wilful goodness of heart) and Moyrah (the peasant descendant of Irish kings and St. Louis of France, with her loveliness, sweetness, gentleness, and innate piety) is admirably conceived and carried out. In spite of some occasionally curious English the reader is carried on from page to page profoundly interested and charmed. The Irish element is a large one, and no writer delineates Irish character more faithfully or more lovingly than Naseby. The events crowd together so thick and fast that it is impossible to give an outline of the story. Quick as thought we fly from college to Elizabethan pageants, from moonlighters to charming Irish interiors, from racecourses to English politicians, from Harvest Bug meetings to French Communist dynamitards, from murder to another Elizabethan pageant, and so on in an endless stream.

John Strange Winter has her own answer to Shakspere's riddle, "What's in a name?" She evidently thinks there is everything in it; and therefore Mrs. Bob, though rather a nobody in the story so named, is picked out to give it a title. The book is, as usual, a bright, chatty, gossiping, and essentially feminine account of the ways, wicked and otherwise, of smart dames and their various cavaliers. The familiar "Blankhampton" allusions are not wanting, and the ill-natured and gratuitous slaps at "John, by Divine Providence Lord Bishop of Blankhampton," have found their way in. The plot is simple. A girl is very rapidly wooed and won by a handsome and wealthy young Australian, who ostensibly draws his riches from some mysterious gold mine. In the end he turns out to be a member of a large gang of jewel robbers. The way in which his young wife reclaims him is weakly and hurriedly told, and you by no means feel that the affair is satisfactorily settled when you close the book.

*Eleanor Lewknor* is a religious novel, not in the sense that its people represent different

religious principles, and embody them in their lives, as in one or two familiar examples, but because they talk or argue about religion. In the beginning we have a very promising young sceptic and misogynist, who in the end is converted to a quasi-spiritualism, quasi-ritualism by a High Church curate, and to a renewed and hopeful faith in woman-kind by the heroine—a really interesting, earnest, and heroic young woman. But Eleanor Lewknor has another conquest to make, namely, that of herself. Her father married against her grandfather's wish, and was cut off from remembrance; and Eleanor, having lost both her parents, is alone in the world. The Lewknor pride has descended strongly to her, and she will not be friends with her grandfather, though he has long since repented of his cruelty, and sue humbly for her love. She herself holds very loose notions on religious matters; but the earnest curate also subjugates her, and the curtain descends, as the author evidently considers it ought to do, on a fairly orthodox and extremely happy couple, at peace with all the world, grandfathers included. The story is well and easily told, but the punctuation is abominably careless.

In *Mrs. Fenton* Mr. Norris has not given us his best work or his most interesting characters. The people are not so lifelike or so near to us as his people are wont to be. Still, the style is bright, easy, and fluent; and of the one woman who is the subject of the sketch you do get a fairly good hold. Moreover, Mr. Norris's vein of kindly satire is still open, as when the heroine, an Australian with free and natural ideas, tells her cousin how a great lady in society wondered "where the deuce her eyeglasses were," and how she was also careful to inform several gentlemen that she had eaten apricot tart at luncheon, and had a horrible pain in the stomach in consequence. The story, which is one of impersonation, is tragic in its way; but Mr. Norris flits so lightly and entertainingly over the surface of things that the deeper theme of the book is somewhat missed.

The few characters in *Where the Dew falls in London* are all drawn with Miss Doudney's insight and fidelity. A smart young man has come up to London from Hampshire, and is making his way well at Battersby's works. But he only loves the charming Olive Wingfield because she worships him, and he does not deign to notice an old friend, in a lower position at Battersby's, who got him in there. Olive also comes to London, to a situation at a florist's, and little by little discovers, though it is long before she will own it, that her idol is clay. The romance is enacted round about the old Chapel Royal, Savoy. Miss Doudney's perception of the beautiful and pathetic is as marked as her sound commonsense, and both qualities are evident in this story.

The same hand which wrote *Dudley* and *That Little Girl* is apparent in *The Wild Ruthvens*. This time Curtis Yorke tells the story of a family of boys and girls, who, starting from a positively unprecedented childhood of naughtiness and insubordination, finally arrive at that state of ideal delightfulness which usually falls upon the elect of the novel-writer. From thoughtlessness to

actual brutality the reader follows these wild young Ruthvens, all the time cheered only by the fact that they are all of them honest and truthful, and by the presence of a certain Dick, a cousin who has been crippled, and who boards with the Ruthvens. This Dick Trevanion is one of Curtis Yorke's too much idealised characters. He protests that he has a horrible temper, and is utterly unworthy of the love and respect they all give him, and yet plays good angel from first to last to himself and everybody else. A kindly innocent and religious spirit breathes through the story, but there is no goody-goodness in it.

It is hard to give fresh interest to the period of the Royalist wars, but this Mr. Pinkerton unmistakeably does in *The Spanish Poniard*. He takes human nature to have been in the time of Charles I. pretty much what it is under Victoria. By treating it as such he has produced a powerful and interesting story, which is not concerned so much with the wars of King and Parliament as with the thoughts, lives, and ideas of men of that day. Ambrose Drybridge, the central character, has had a tragic history. He committed a horrible crime in a moment of frenzy, and is ever pursued by the vision of the Spanish poniard which he wrenched from the hand of his victim, and used for the dread deed. There are some pathetic complications, and the story ends half tragically. All through it the miserable remorse, hesitation, and longing to do right which torment the unhappy Ambrose are shown with painful clearness.

*Sheila* is a well-told and interesting story of the joys and sorrows of some young people who, as is usual in stories, bear upon their heads more troubles and trials than fall to the lot of young folk in real life. Sheila herself is the stepdaughter of the laird of Dalmore, to whom he leaves all his property. The coming of her mother had ousted the laird's sister, with her young son Fergus, who had always been looked on as the heir to Dalmore. But Providence and Miss Swan had their own plans in regard to the young couple, and how Fergus finally got Dalmore and Sheila into the bargain Miss Swan must be left to tell. Her Highlanders are drawn with an affectionate hand, and the whole story is charming.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

#### SOME BIOGRAPHICAL BOOKS.

*Good Men and True.* Biographies of Workers in the Fields of Beneficence and Benevolence. By Alex. H. Japp. (Fisher Unwin.) Dr. Japp writes of "good men and true" much in the way in which Mr. Smiles does of great inventors; and those who admire the one author will be no less satisfied with the other. His subjects answer to his title. Dr. Norman MacLeod, Canon Kingsley, Dean Stanley and his father, and Sir T. Salt alone would fill a delightful volume; and that Arnold Toynbee comes next to Edward Denison is a specially happy arrangement. The almost luxury of the Toynbee Hall rooms is indeed a contrast alike to Denison's dingy little Philpot-street lodgings and to Arnold Toynbee's Commercial-road rooms, "furnished in the barest manner possible." But our young reformers have got beyond denying themselves down to the level of the East-end poor. Their idea is to raise the poor by giving them a taste of a pleasanter and (if they can get it) a more excellent way. Dr. Japp brings out Conington's humour—a

quality which escaped some of his contemporaries as completely as his joining with more or less *éclat* in a Guy Fawkes "town and gown" row has escaped his biographers. For some of his notes on Canon Kingsley he goes to Mr. Kegan Paul, who got an "implied rebuke" for naming Heine at table. There is so much that is "warm"—doubtless with the highest purpose—in Kingsley's writings that we really think he had no business to call Heine "a wicked man." The great German might have retorted by calling the Anglican canon "a humbug." We are sorry Dr. Japp thought it necessary to repeat the closing extracts from Bishop Hannington's diary. Surely there is nothing more painful in the whole range of literature; and the sting of it is that no one can help asking: *cui bono?* Mr. Plimsoll is one of the best and truest men. Unhappily, Dr. Japp is quite right in saying that "his work is only half done."

*Robert Brett (of Stoke Newington): his Life and Work.* By T. W. Belcher, D.D. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) The name of Robert Brett is well known within a limited sphere, but outside it suggests nothing definite to the memories of his contemporaries. Mr. Brett was, in fact, a medical practitioner of no particular eminence who interested himself in providing for the spiritual wants of the suburb in which he lived, and was rather conspicuous as a member of the "High Church" party. When Dr. Belcher speaks of his friend as having "secured a foremost place among the great men of Church and State on many public occasions," he must be understood to mean that Mr. Brett was not a man whose shyness or diffidence would keep him in the background at a public meeting, or in any discussion upon Church matters. The title of "Lay Pope of Stoke Newington" and "Lay Bishop of London" were conferred upon him; and we only have to look at his portrait—prefixed to the present volume—in order to accept his biographer's statement that "he would have his way." That way would naturally be regarded as the best way by all those who shared in his religious opinions, and by many of them as the only right way. We must give him credit for possessing very strong convictions which he never concealed, and for exhibiting a thoroughly consistent example throughout his life of self-denial and practical philanthropy. He was untiring in his efforts to provide the north of London, and especially Stoke Newington, with adequate church accommodation; and to this good object he devoted the not inconsiderable profits which he derived from certain devotional books which he had written. He describes himself as

"a loyal and devoted son of the English Church, and a strenuous advocate of the revival of her doctrine and ritual"; and this description Dr. Belcher has rendered complete by adding

"that he would have made a very good ecclesiastic, and that, if elected to a bishopric on the lines of the early Church, he would have been a devotional leader and a powerful defender of the Church's rights."

Perhaps neither the Church nor the community suffered by his remaining a layman.

*Reminiscences of a Literary and Clerical Life.* By the Author of "Three-cornered Essays." (Ward & Downey.) Pressman as well as parson, the author of these two volumes has had an experience rather wide than profound, which he details in a very pleasant chatty way. He has something to say about Osborne Gordon, Conington (he or his printer writes Connington), Calverley, and several Northern lights; for, besides being at Oxford and Cambridge, he was also at Glasgow. John Morley, too; the Mozleys; Archer Gurney (at Paris); Dean Stanley; Earl Russell; George Müller;

Dr. Barnardo; Bazeley, "The Oxford Evangelist"; and many oddities as well as celebrities he either knew or met. He has a very high opinion of Mr. Spurgeon, whom, on one page, he describes as "distilling sweetness and light to 8000 people," and on the next, as "giving a lecture on candles at a bazaar, wearing a paper cap with a tallow dip greasily stuck through his hair, between it and the forehead." Of course he is right in condemning the want of elasticity which prevented our Church from utilising such a phenomenal man, as he is also right in hitting us hard about the chance medley way in which Church patronage is often bestowed. He can enjoy a joke; though, of his twin description of Mr. Spurgeon, the humour did not seem to strike him. His jokes are often better than this—about one Cole who left a legacy to a Cambridge church on condition that his name should be put up in the building. Why this could not be done on a list of benefactors does not appear; but, if the legacy was really saved by writing up "Cole Deum," the law was about on a par with the wit. Another story—about the secretary to a Liberian president who, when asked why African progress was so slow, replied: "Fac' is, sir, dem niggers is so uncivilised"—we think we have heard before, and certainly don't care to hear again. In fact (as the grocers say), all these "Reminiscences" are not new and selected fruit; still, they are good and tasty, and sure to be liked by not over critical readers. Here and there, too, there are things to make us think. Haggerstone being a parish in which our author has chiefly helped, he has seen much of the Rev. M. Rosenthal's work among the East End Jews. On Jewish converts he therefore speaks with authority. This, again, if trustworthy is important:

"A peer, a late cabinet minister, who knew a good deal about the East, spoke of a large American college in which Bulgarian students had been educated. These men had given fibre to the Bulgarian people. Russia was never more astonished than when she found herself confronted with a real nation in Bulgaria" (ii. 179).

*My Mistress the Empress Eugenie.* By Mdme. Carette. (Dean.) This is the authorised translation of a record of court life at the Tuilleries by the private reader of the ex-Empress of the French. Those who expect ill-natured or, at least, piquant gossip in the memoirs of a court will be disappointed on perusing these pages. Mdme. Carette has an unfailing store of good-nature, and for her mistress her enthusiasm is unbounded. The tone of the book is very good, but its construction bad. There is no system or order in the narrative, and the stories follow each other at haphazard. The chapter on the Mexican War does not seem to have been written by the same pen, and is quite irrelevant to the general subject. In spite of these faults, Mdme. Carette may be congratulated on having compiled a very readable book. She tells us of her meeting, at the house of a friend, a priest whose eyes shone "comme deux charbons d'enfer." Her friend was much shocked at her speaking thus of a Dominican, who taught "the word of God with a fervour which would convert the fallen angels." This priest was Father Hyacinthe. We have only space to quote what is, perhaps, the most interesting passage from the life of her mistress. On June 19, 1879, Lord Sydney informed the Duke of Bassano of the death of the Prince Imperial. At first the duke refused to break the news to the Empress, but at last consented, and went to her. The Empress was surprised to see him so early, and at once remarked:

"' You have news from Zululand? '

"' Yes, madame; but not good news.'

"' Louis is ill? Well, my dear duke, let us depart immediately to nurse him.'

"' There was a fight,' said the duke.

"' Is he wounded?'

"' The duke simply bent his head.'

"' We can set out to-day, even. The ships leave port every day.'

"' The Empress then ordered all necessities to be got ready without delay.'

"' Is the wound serious?' she asked, not daring to look at the duke, who was still standing at the entrance of the room. She then went up to him, and looked at him with great anxiety. Tears were rolling down the duke's cheeks; and the Empress burst into a great fit of sobbing, for she now understood all" (p. 91).

Let us hope that this warm-hearted friend, Mdme. Carette, has brought some consolation to her mistress in her lonely hours.

*Memoirs of Henry Richard.* By Lewis Appleton. (Trübner.) This book is not so much a biography of the late Mr. Henry Richard, as a record of his views on the wars of the last forty years. It is impossible, in a brief notice, to discuss Mr. Richard's position even in one case—the American War of Secession. Mr. Ward Beecher publicly declared that "the firm invincible determination of the North, deep as the sea, firm as the mountains, but calm as the heavens above us, is to fight out this war through, at all hazards, and at every cost." Mr. Richard was shocked at language which opened up to him a "terrible vision of blood and vengeance." He did not sympathise with the North, because he believed the war was waged not for freedom, but for "Union and Empire." Like Mr. Gladstone, he believed that Jefferson Davis had "succeeded in making the Southern States of America a nation." If Mr. Richard erred in his Southern sympathies, he erred in good company. Many of Mr. Appleton's notes, notably those about the Transvaal War and the Danish War (a very thorny question), are not altogether satisfactory; but these Memoirs form a useful book of reference for the politician, whether he agree or not with the Apostle of Peace.

*Reminiscences of a Boyhood.* (Sampson Low.) Its anonymous author has sub-titled this book "A New Story by an Old Hand." We question whether the story he has to tell can be fairly entitled new, but it is pleasantly told. It is for few of us that "remembrance like a sovereign prince" doth "a stately gallery maintain of gay or tragic pictures." There is nothing stately in the writer's remembrances, and very little that is gay or tragic; but the tone of the book is excellent, and the "old hand" has not lost its cunning in the art of expression. The first twenty-four chapters, which deal with the author's childhood in Ireland, are the best. As the author comes of Milesian stock, his family naturally have their own particular banshee. When a death was to occur there were heard weepings and wailings near the house, until the very heart was thrilled, and they that watched in the chamber of sickness felt that all hope was over, and that the husband or wife, the father or the sister, was delivered over to death. The banshee can be distinguished from other ghosts by its being heard only, and never seen. The author's aunt, the heroine of the book, did, however, see her mother's wraith (p. 25). The fault of the writer is that he dwells too much on trifling incidents, which (as he himself puts it) "can have but little interest for any but the writer." Still, there is sufficient matter and reflection in these Reminiscences to make them pleasant reading for the old.

*Self-Discipline: a Memoir of Percy Clabon Glover.* By his Father, the Rev. Richard Glover. (Nisbet.) This is a class of book which is perplexing to the reviewer. It is impossible not to feel the deepest sympathy for a father deprived, by a cruel accident, of a

promising son, however much we may deprecate the overt multiplication of biographies—one of the characteristics of the present day. It is easy, too, to understand Mr. Glover's hope that the narrative of his son's pure and consistent life will be profitable to young men generally, though we fear they are the last set of people who will read the book. The subject of this memoir was born in 1856; and all through his life, from his earliest childhood, seems to have been everything that a father could desire, and to have given promise of a creditable, if not distinguished, career. He was on the point of taking orders in the year 1888, when he succumbed to an accident, the result of a scrimmage in a game of la-crosse. Mr. Glover, who is the author of several other works, makes some useful and sensible observations, and we would specially notice his remarks on the importance of good handwriting and careful composition. Doubtless it is the religious element in his son's character which he would wish to be most considered and dwelt upon, and which in his opinion justified him in giving this Memoir to the public. We trust, indeed we feel sure, that among the young men of the present day there are many who form as high an ideal of life and carry out that ideal as consistently as Percy Glover. The patience and resignation which the author shows in his own bereavement must be both a comfort and example to other mourners who may come across his book.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

WE hear that Bishop Lightfoot had finished, before his lamented death, an abridgment of his classical work on the Apostolic Fathers, which is at present accessible only in several bulky volumes. The abridged edition will contain the Greek text, with a translation into English, and short introductions.

THE Dublin University Press has now ready for issue the long-expected history of the university by the Rev. Dr. John William Stubbs, senior fellow of Trinity. It covers the period from the foundation in 1591 to the end of the eighteenth century. In the appendix will be printed a number of original documents preserved among the college archives.

MR. TOZER'S book, *The Islands of the Aegean*, which will shortly be published by the Clarendon Press, will contain accounts of two journeys in the Cyclades and Crete and in the Asiatic Greek islands, which appeared in the ACADEMY in 1875 and 1886, and have since been considerably amplified; and also a narrative of visits to the islands of the Thracian Sea—Lemnos, Thasos, and Samothrace—in 1889, which now appears for the first time.

BESIDES *The Language of the New Testament*, recently issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, we understand that the late W. H. Simcox left behind him a little book on the Revelation for the Cambridge "Bible for Schools" series, which his brother, Mr. G. A. Simcox, is now seeing through the press.

UNDER the title of *Shakspeare's True Life*, Messrs. Longmans will publish immediately a descriptive account of Stratford-on-Avon and its neighbourhood, written by Mr. James Walter, and illustrated with about 500 drawings from the pencil of Mr. Gerald E. Moira.

AMONG the volumes that have been arranged for in the series of "English Men of Action" are—*Captain Cook*, by Mr. Walter Besant; *Drake*, by Mr. Julian Corbet; *Clive*, by Sir Charles Wilson; *Sir John Moore*, by Col. Maurice; *Marlborough*, by Sir William Butler; and *Havelock*, by Mr. Archibald Forbes.

THE next volume of "Great Writers" will be *George Eliot*, by Mr. Oscar Browning. We understand that Mr. William Sharp has undertaken to write on Browning for this series.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS, of Vigo Street, will publish in the course of the present month an English edition, limited to 250 copies, of the Rev. Dr. H. van Dyke's little book entitled *The Poetry of Tennyson*. It is, in the main, a critical study, with a list of the laureate's quotations from the Bible.

MESSRS. T. AND T. CLARK, of Edinburgh, announce for early publication *The Servant of the Lord in Isaiah, Chapters xl.-lxi*: reclaimed to Isaiah as the author, from examination of the argument, structure, and date, by John Forbes, Emeritus Prof. of Oriental Languages, Aberdeen.

UNDER the title of *Sermons preached in the East*, Dean Butcher is about to publish a volume of discourses with Mr. Elliot Stock.

"PROFESSOR" PEPPER has written a book entitled *The True History of the Ghost and all Metempsychosis*, which will be published, with illustrations, by Messrs. Cassell & Co. during the course of next week.

DR. J. K. INGRAM'S *History of Political Economy*, which was reviewed in the ACADEMY of May 26, 1888, is just about to appear in a German version. The translator, who is believed to have done his work extremely well, is Herr E. Roschlau, of Berlin, and the publishing house will be that of H. Laupp at Tübingen.

MR. W. CLARK-RUSSELL has written for *Cassell's Saturday Journal* some sea stories under the title of "Three Sittings with a Sailor." The first of these, "The Sailor and the Ghost," will appear in No. 328, issued on January 8.

THE new monthly, *The Expository Times*, has now been acquired by Messrs. T. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh. The January number will include the first part of a translation of Rothe's *Exposition of 1 John*.

COMMENCING with the January issue, Dr. Parker will contribute monthly to the *Homiletic Review* a series of papers on "Current English Thought."

DR. ADOLF NEUBAUER, reader in Rabbinical literature at Oxford, and senior sub-librarian at the Bodleian, has been elected a foreign correspondent of the Académie des Inscriptions.

THE series of Sunday afternoon lectures at the South Place Institute, on "National Life and Thought among the Nations of the World," will be continued during the first four months of the present year. On Sunday next, Mr. M. Sevastis (editor of the *Haiaasan*) will discourse upon "Armenia"; and Mr. J. G. Cotton Minchin, on the following Sunday, upon "Servia and Montenegro." The following are some of the future arrangements: "Gipsies," by Mr. F. H. Groome; "Roumania, Bosnia, and Herzegovina," by Mr. A. R. Fairfield; "Egypt," by Mr. J. C. McCoan; "Spain," by Mrs. Cunningham Graham; "The Jews in their Relation to Other Races," by the Rev. S. Singer; "Russia," by Mr. W. R. Morfill; "The Miniature States of Europe," by the Rev. John Verschoyle; "The Women of Turkey," by Miss Lucy Garnett; "Morocco," by Dr. Robert Brown. The lectures, which are entirely free, begin at 4 p.m., and are preceded by an organ recital and vocal solo.

A FRIEND of Mr. Browning has persuaded Lord Tennyson to allow the following letter to be made public:

"29 De Vere Gardens, W., Aug. 5, 1889.

"My dear Tennyson,—To-morrow is your

birthday—indeed a memorable one. Let me say I associate myself with the universal pride of our country in your glory, and in its hope that for many and many a year we may have your very self among us—secure that your poetry will be a wonder and delight to all those appointed to come after. And for my own part, let me further say, I have loved you dearly. May God bless you and yours!

"At no moment from first to last of my acquaintance with your works, or friendship with yourself, have I had any other feeling, expressed or kept silent, than this which an opportunity allows me to utter—that I am and ever shall be, my dear Tennyson, admiringly and affectionately yours,

"ROBERT BROWNING."

WE have received from the editor of the *Publishers' Circular* the usual analytic table of books published during 1889. The total number is 6067, made up of 4694 new books and 1373 new editions. This shows a considerable decrease when compared with 1888 (6591), which represents the highwater-mark for many years, but an almost equal increase when compared with 1887 (5686). There are no very notable variations in the several classes, except that novels and juvenile works appear to have prospered at the expense of theology and school books. But it seems probable that these relative alterations are at least partly due to changes of classification. If the literary output of 1889 be contrasted with that of 1883, some surprising results are revealed, which can hardly be explained by changes in the public demand. The totals for the two years are nearly the same—6145 for 1883, and 6067 for 1889; but juvenile books have fallen in the six years from 939 to 511, while novels have risen from 573 to 1404. Similarly, artistic and scientific works have fallen from 491 to 146, while miscellaneous have risen from 222 to 627. The advance in new editions of *belle lettres* from 48 to 183 probably represents a real change, being due to the numerous series of cheap reprints of standard books.

#### ORIGINAL VERSE.

##### A NEW YEAR'S GREETING

TO E. S.

"Love, we are in God's hand."

R. BROWNING.

("Andrea del Sarto.")

"Shall I find aught new

With the changing year?"

R. BROWNING.

("James Lee's Wife.")

WHAT shall I say to you, dear,  
That you have not heard before,  
In years that long are past, dear,  
From those you lov'd of yore?

I can only pray God keep you  
Throughout the coming year!  
May his mercy and love ever shield you  
'Mid sorrow and trials here!

You have heard the words before, dear,  
From other lips than mine,  
Ere I had seen your face, dear,  
Or clasped my hand in thine.

I know their sound brings back to you  
The dead and distant years,  
With all that was so dear to you—  
The smiles, the joy, the tears.

"God bless and keep you safe, dear,"  
Again you hear that prayer;  
But, oh, the words call up, dear,  
Far other days that were!

F. P.

OBITUARY.  
BISHOP LIGHTFOOT.

IT is an inexpressible debt which England owes to the great bishop—great in the truest sense, although as a man so unassuming—over whom the grave closed on the last Friday in the old year. This is not the place to speak of the administrative success with which he managed the affairs of his populous and important diocese, or of his wise and statesmanlike schemes for the spiritual and moral well-being of the communities under his charge. Neither is this the place to speak of the way in which the history of his ancient see caught and fired his imagination and made him the fit successor of Cuthbert and Aidan, of De Bury\* and Tunstal, of Cosin and Butler. Nor yet may we at present enlarge upon the excellencies of his personal character, on the intense reality, simplicity, and sincerity of all that he said or did, on the transparent integrity of motive which made the whole world trust him, on his singular equity and moderation of mind, his calm, broad, unbiased judgment. Of these things others will speak as they have already spoken elsewhere; but here it is right that something should be said of his contributions to literature, and of the influence which he has exercised upon the thought of his generation.

In the religious history of our time there have been two main currents, both of native origin. The one had its birth in Oxford. The other is commonly and rightly associated with Cambridge; though, if we would trace it to its fountain-head, it would seem that we ought to go back a step further and to a smaller centre—King Edward's School, Birmingham. A remarkable man there impressed his stamp upon a group of remarkable men. Prince Lee did not leave behind him any great literary work, but he left behind him workers who have reared an imperishable monument to his memory. Dr. Lightfoot, Dr. Westcott, and the present Archbishop of Canterbury were all his pupils and almost at the same time. Dr. Westcott being the senior and the archbishop the junior members of the group. Dr. Hatch, whose too early death has been so recently lamented, was also at Birmingham, with others who have won distinction in different walks of life; but they belong to the next generation in the school history, when its character, though still a strong one, was changing.

The three elder boys went up one after the other to Trinity College, Cambridge. Dr. Westcott was second classic in 1848, Dr. Lightfoot senior in 1851, Dr. Benson eighth in the first class in 1852. All three alike became Fellows of Trinity. Nor can we think of them otherwise than in connexion with their close friend and colleague, himself I believe a Rugbyian of Rugby's great days, Dr. Hort. The literary productions of the archbishop show how deeply he is imbued with theological culture; but he, even more than the others, has been absorbed in practical work, and it is the other three who stand out conspicuously as the founders and chief representatives of a distinct Cambridge school. The characteristics of this school lie upon the surface, and have been necessarily recognised. It is primarily Biblical, where the earlier Oxford movement was patristic and mediaeval. It is exegetical and critical, where the Oxford movement has been historical and ecclesiastical. There can be no question that the Cambridge work has been firstrate in its kind. It rested upon a

foundation of sound and thorough scholarship of genuinely English manufacture. The advice which Dr. Westcott gave to Cambridge students some time ago, to read their Greek Testament with the Greek text, concordance, and grammar, but without commentaries, was characteristic of its method. But to this independent first-hand study there was superadded a wide erudition. Dr. Lightfoot, in particular, evidently made a point of knowing all that had been written upon the subjects which he took up. Yet his learning sat easily upon him. Seldom has there been a scholar who possessed such power of lucid exposition. No matter how intricate or complicated a subject, in his pages it was always set forth in regular and orderly development. It was impossible to mistake his own meaning. It once fell to me to remark on this wonderful lucidity of style, when the bishop, in referring to it, said that he believed it to be, in a great measure, due to the fact that he wrote with difficulty; the words would not come of themselves, and he was compelled to seek for the most appropriate. A marked feature in his commentaries, besides the elaborate introductions and dissertations, was the admirable paraphrase by which each section of the text was accompanied. This alone was a commentary in itself. Excellent as all the commentaries are (*Galatians*, first published in 1865; *Philippians*, first published in 1868; and *Colossians*, the first edition of which came out in 1875), I believe others would bear me out in saying that the latest was the best—the most thorough and the most searching. In his Cambridge days the bishop had lectured upon others of St. Paul's Epistles, and it is greatly to be hoped that his notes on these may still see the light.

It is right to recall here the important part which the bishop played in the revision of the Authorised Version. The work which he published on the subject in 1871, at the beginning of the deliberations of the committee, undoubtedly did much to determine the lines on which the revision proceeded. If the thorough-going principles which it represents have prevented the new version from obtaining complete popularity, they have also enhanced its value in the eyes of professed students.

A Biblical scholar cannot confine himself to the Bible. Bishop Lightfoot certainly did not. He was thoroughly at home especially in the early periods of Church history. He had at one time planned a history of early Christian literature. This was not destined to be accomplished; but fortunately the controversy, roused by the book called *Supernatural Religion*, rescued some considerable fragments of it. The essays which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* of 1874–1878 have recently been reprinted. The bishop was stung by the attack upon a dear friend, and his reply had a sharpness which was not usual with him, and which there were other things in his opponent's statement of his case to justify.

It was characteristic of this work, as of all the bishop wrote, that his whole handling of his subject was that of the senior classic. Here the English scholar has an advantage over his foreign contemporaries. At least in history, if not in Biblical exegesis, it would be safe to say that few of the continental scholars who have been over the same ground had gone through the same severe and many-sided philosophical training. A conspicuous instance of this was given in an important letter which Bishop Lightfoot wrote to the ACADEMY on September 21 of the past year. It has often before been maintained that the original of the Muratorian Fragment was written in Greek. Bishop Lightfoot not only contended for this, but he went on to maintain that the original was written in Greek verse; and he went on yet further to give a specimen of the kind of

verse—a feat in which I suspect that few of our foreign friends would have been able to follow him. To say that the case was completely made out would, I think, be saying too much; but it was at least a brilliant *tour de force*.

But the great monument of the bishop's labours in this field of study is to be seen in his editions, first of the two epistles ascribed to St. Clement of Rome (1869, with appendix in 1877) to be re-issued, as it is believed, in a revised and remodelled form; and secondly, of the writings connected with the names of SS. Ignatius and Polycarp. The first edition of this latter work appeared in 1885, when it was reviewed in the ACADEMY by Dr. Salmon. A second edition is just out, and will no doubt be noticed shortly. The work is allowed on all hands to be a classic of the highest order.

In one respect, the extraordinary clearness of the bishop's mind may have been almost prejudicial to his reputation. He had none of that appearance of profundity which is sometimes only another name for obscurity. He could not put down anything which he did not first understand entirely himself, and he therefore conveyed it with equal ease to the understandings of others. With him the crooked became straight, and the rough places plain. It would, however, probably be true to say that he was, in the first instance, scholar, historian, exegete, critic, rather than philosopher. His method was the English one of working from without inwards—of collecting first a number of facts, and arranging them in orderly groups with a view to generalisation; not the seizing of some great genetic idea, and tracking it through all its labyrinthine manifestations. Bishop Lightfoot's method was at the opposite pole, e.g., to Baur's. There could be no doubt which was the more sound, though it might be less illuminative and stimulating.

This brief survey will, I hope, be enough to justify the opinion which I expressed at starting. The place which Bishop Lightfoot's work occupies in the history of English thought shows at once its immense value. It would be difficult to imagine anything which should supplement more happily the tendencies of the Oxford movement. It added to that what it most required—a firm and solid grounding in the original documents of Christianity. It brought it back into contact with those great root-ideas which can never be deserted with impunity. It prevented it from dissolving in the mists of refined and devout, but not always strong and manly, sentiment. It supplied just the critical and rational element which it needed.

On the other hand, Bishop Lightfoot's work came at a moment when, after long lethargy, the country was beginning to be invaded by a host of foreign ideas, which in their own homes had acted as a destructive force upon received beliefs and opinions. It was much that they found us with a school of native theology and exegesis at all. It was still more that they found us with a theology and exegesis so sober and well-considered as that of Dr. Lightfoot and his colleagues. To them we owe it that the deluge has not come, and that our old landmarks have not been too ruthlessly swept away.

But the best feature of all in the work of the Cambridge divines is that, while so solid, positive, and constructive, it has not merely repelled the new ideas. The attitude of its exponents has not been one of mere antagonism and defiance. Cautious and conservative as they have been, they have yet kept an "open mind." They have not sought to preclude the assimilation of all that was sound and true in the imported doctrines. And if they have retarded the process of assimilation, so much

\* De Bury, that is, as we have been in the habit of thinking of him, and as the bishop himself thought of him, not in the light in which he has appeared under the most recent criticism. There is no doubt a case on the adverse side, though it may not be conclusive.

the better: it is only the more likely to be healthy and permanent. If, as we look around us, we see the currents of English thought tending to mix and blend; if we see the various schools ready at once to learn from and to teach each other; if we see the religious life of our people drawing in to itself nourishment from all sides, and gaining alike in fulness, richness, and effectiveness—this is due in no small measure to those wise men who have had the directing of theological studies at Cambridge, and perhaps most of all to Bishop Lightfoot.

W. SANDAY.

DR. CHARLES MACKAY.

In the last few months of the year 1889 we have lost three of the most popular poets of the early Victorian epoch. Early in the autumn Eliza Cook passed away; Martin F. Tupper followed her; and now, last but not least, Dr. Charles Mackay has joined the majority. On Christmas Eve he died at Earl's Court, Kensington, after having been in failing health for a considerable time.

Charles Mackay was born at Perth in 1814. In his infancy he was brought to London, and he finished his education in Belgium. Perhaps it is to his observation of the events of the revolution which broke out there in 1830 that we owe his most stirring lyrics. His first volume of poems was issued in 1834, and they became his introduction to journalism. In the great days of Mr. John Black's editorship of the *Morning Chronicle*, Mackay obtained a place upon the staff of that paper, and he was connected with it for about nine years. During this period he published *The Hope of the World*, and other poems; and *A History of London* (1838). One of the books by which he was best known—*Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions*—appeared in 1841. In September, 1844, he became editor of the *Glasgow Argus*; but a schism in the Liberal party, to which he always belonged, led to his retirement from that paper at the general election in 1847. In the previous year, 1846, Glasgow University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. Dr. Mackay then returned to London; and on the establishment of the *Daily News* by Charles Dickens he contributed a series of poems to that newspaper, called "Voices from the Crowd," which have often been reprinted. Indeed, it is upon some of these lyrics of the time that his fame will chiefly rest. "Clear the Way," "The Good Time coming," "Old Opinions," "Tubal Cain," "The Dream of the Reveller," "King Clog," "John Littlejohn"—if he had written no more than these, he would still have had a claim upon posterity. He was a contributor to the *Illustrated London News* for some years. In 1860 he established the *London Review*. In 1859 he published two volumes on *Life and Liberty in America*. He resided in New York from 1862 to 1865, acting as special correspondent for the *Times* during the Civil War. In 1871 he collected many of his contributions to *All the Year Round*, *Robin Goodfellow*, and other periodicals, with the title of "Under the Blue Sky." Bibliographers must refer to the British Museum Library Catalogue for a witness to his prolific authorship. His *A Thousand and One Gems of English Poetry* (1867) is known in every home. He was his own biographer in more than one volume. That which he considered the crowning work of his life, *The Gaelic Etymology of the English Language*, and other volumes on similar subjects, never found much favour with scholars. But it is by his lyrics that he will live on the lips and in the thoughts of men. Some of these, set to music by Henry Russell, attained extraordinary success, and their fame became commensurate with the use of the English

language. "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," embodied the great emigration movement, and must long remain the song of the Greater England.

Dr. Mackay's merits have more than once received public recognition. In 1862 he was put upon the Civil List, with a pension of £100 a year, "in consideration of his contributions to poetry and to general literature." On December 27, 1877, his friends presented him with the sum of £700, including £100 from the "Clan Mackay," at St. James's Hall. In 1888 he received a further testimonial, to support him in his declining health. For years he has been the chief bard-elect of the Highland clan of Mackays; and they sent a superb wreath of bulrushes, the emblem of the clan, woven with white flowers, for his funeral in Kensal Green Cemetery.

In private life Dr. Mackay was of a retiring disposition, and of a most genial nature. When he lived in his cottage at Boxhill, near Dorking, next door to Mr. George Meredith, the little parties that he gave were more like family gatherings of the olden time than the mere social meetings of friends. He never understood himself. His modesty minimised the work he had done. He thought his forte lay in his Gaelic studies; and he seemed never to realise how his lyrics had crystallised the aspirations of young England, nor to pride himself upon the enthusiasm with which they had inspired so many millions of his fellow countrymen. Yet he was born the poet of the people, and not a philologist.

H. T. W.

THE death is also announced of Mr. Robert Farran, some time senior partner in the well-known publishing firm of Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh. He was born in India in 1829, being the son of Major Charles Farran, of the 28th Madras Infantry. He received his early training at W. H. Allen's, at that time in Leadenhall Street; and he was afterwards for several years with Longmans, whom he left to join Mr. Griffith at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard on the retirement of Mr. Grant in 1856. He retired from business about two years ago, owing to prolonged ill-health. Mr. Farran died on December 13 at Surbiton, where he had lived for many years, always taking an active part in local affairs.

[WE are compelled to reserve till next week our notice of the late Sir Henry Yule.]

#### SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

##### GENERAL LITERATURE.

BACHMANN, F. Die landeskundliche Literatur üb. die Grossherzogtümer Mecklenburg. Güstrow: Opitz. 8 M.

BAUMANN, O. In Deutsch-Ostafrika während d. Aufstandes. Wien: Hübel. 3 M. 60 Pf.

BOUCHOT, H. La Franche-Comté. Paris: Plon. 60 fr.

BETALMONT. Les régions fortifiées: leur application à la défense de plusieurs états européens. Bruxelles: Muquardt. 26 fr.

FERY, Col. Côte occidentale d'Afrique: vues, scènes, croquis. Paris: Marpon. 10 fr.

GURTZET, Wladimir. Souvenirs d'un prêtre romain devenu prêtre orthodoxe. Paris: Fischbacher. 10 fr.

HESSEM, L. de. Chinoiseries. Paris: Quantin. 6 fr.

MARMOTTAN, P. Notice historique et critique sur les peintres Louis et François Watteau (de Lille). Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.

MOIRAU, A. La journée d'un écolier au moyen âge. Paris: Quantin. 7 fr. 50 c.

NIERKIRCHEN, F. Alfred de Musset's Gedicht: Sur la paresse. Jena: Dabis. 1 M. 20 Pf.

PINET, G. Histoire de l'école polytechnique. Paris: Baudry. 25 fr.

SAINTE-JUITS. La Seine à travers Paris. Paris: Lannette. 20 fr.

SCHMIDT-WARNKE. Die Sociologie im Umriss ihrer Grundprinzipien. 1. Thl. Braunschweig: Grüneberg. 6 M. 50 Pf.

SCHUCHARDT, C. Schliemann's Ausgrabungen in Troja, Tiryns, Mykenä, Orchomenos, Ithaka im Lichte der heutigen Wissenschaft. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 8 M.

SIMON, Jules. Mémoires des autres. Paris: Testard. 3 fr. 50 c.

SNOOK HURGHONJE, C. Bilder aus Mekka. Leiden: Brill. 21 M. 25 Pf.

WODIANER, R. C. Liber hereditatis Josuse. Wien: Lippe. 10 M.

##### HISTORY.

ACTA et diplomata graeca medii aevi. Vol. VI. Acta et diplomata monasteriorum et ecclesiarum orientis. Tom. III. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 14 M.

BOYEN, H. v. Erinnerungen aus dem Leben d. General-Feldmarschalls. 2. Thl. Der Zeitraum von Ende 1809 bis zum Bündniss v. Kalisch. Leipzig: Hirzel. 10 M.

BRUECKE, P. P. L'Alsace et l'Église au temps du pape Saint Léon IX. (Bruno d'Ensisheim) 1002–1054. Tome II. Strassburg: Le Roux. 3 M. 60 Pf.

GESCHICHTSQUELLEN der Prov. Sachsen. 23. Bd. Urkundenbuch der Stadt Erfurt. 1. Thl. Halle: Hendel. 12 M.

GÜTTSCHEIN, J. Apollonius v. Tyana. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.

HÜFFLER, C. R. v. Der Hohenzoller Johann. Markgraf v. Brandenburg. München: Franz. 2 M. 40 Pf.

KÜTZSCHKE, K. R. Ruprecht v. der Pfalz u. das Konzil zu Pisa. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.

MERKLE, J. Katharina Paulowna, Königin v. Württemberg. Stuttgart: Kohlhammer. 1 M. 50 Pf.

MONUMENTA Germaniae historica. Necrologia Germanica. II. Dioecesis Salisburgensis. Pars I. Berlin: Weidmann. 9 M.

Παπάδητη, Α. Γ. Πολιωρκία κατ ἀλωσις τῆς Κωνσταντινουπόλεως ἐν ἔτει 1453. T. 1. Athens: Beck 8 fr. 50 c.

PASTOR, L. Geschichte der Päpste seit dem Ausgang d. Mittelalters. 2. Bd. Geschichte der Päpste im Zeitalter der Renaissance bis zum Tode Sixtus IV. Freiburg-i.-Br.: Herder. 10 M.

STAATSGESCHICHTE der neuesten Zeit. 27. Bd. Deutsche Geschichte im 19. Jahrh. Von H. v. Treitschke. 4. Thl. Bis zum Tode König Friedrich Wilhelms III. Leipzig: Hirzel. 10 M.

##### PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABHANDLUNGEN, palaeontologische. Neue Folge. 1. Bd. 2. Hft. Beiträge zur Kenntnis der fossilen Flora einiger Inseln d. südpacifischen u. indischen Oceans. Von L. Orlic. Jena: Fischer. 9 M.

ABHANDLUNGEN zur Geschichte der Mathematik. 5. Hft. Leipzig: Teubner. 6 M.

BARUMKE, C. Das Problem der Materie in der griechischen Philosophie. Münster: Aschendorff. 12 M.

GEIGEL, R. Die Frage nach der Schwungrichtung polarisierten Lichtes. Würzburg: Stahel. 2 M.

HARTMANN, E. v. Ergänzungsband zur 1.–9. Aufl. der Philosophie d. Unbewussten. Leipzig: Friedr. 8 M.

HOFFMANN, F. Beiträge zur Kenntnis der Flora v. Central-Ost-Afrika. Jena: Dabia. 1 M. 20 Pf.

PLESKA, Th. Die Vogelfauna d. Russischen Reichs. 2. Bd. 2. Litg. Laubvögel (Phylloscopus). Leipzig: Voss. 7 M. 50 Pf.

SCHULTE, O. Ueb. die Entwicklung der Medullaplatte d. Frosches. Würzburg: Stahel. 2 M.

STEINMANN, G., u. L. DÖRFLER. Elemente der Paläontologie. 2. Halfte. Leipzig: Engelmann. 15 M.

##### PHILOLOGY, ETC.

BUETLING, O. Brahādārājakaṇopanishad in d. Mādhyamīna-Recension. Hrsg. u. übersetzt. Leipzig: Voss. 5 M.

ECKHARDT, E. Das Präfix ge- in verbalen Zusammensetzungen bei Berthold v. Regensburg. Leipzig: Fock. 3 M.

GAUDENZA, A. I suoni, le forme e le parole dell'odierno dialetto della città di Bologna. Turin: Loescher. 7 fr. 50 c.

KNÖRK, O. Untersuchungen üb. die mittelenglische Magdalenenlegende d. Ms. Laud 109, nebst Quellenuntersuchung. Berlin: Schörrs. 2 M.

##### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### FRAGMENTS OF YORKSHIRE MYSTERIES.

Cambridge: Dec. 28, 1889.

It is my privilege to be permitted to bring to public notice an interesting discovery lately made by Dr. Calvert, of Shrewsbury, in the library of the school. He has happily recovered a part of three scenes in a set of old Yorkshire Mystery plays, hitherto entirely unknown, and of considerable antiquity. Indeed, I suspect that we have here the oldest existing MS. which gives us specimens of English Mystery plays. The MS. of the Chester plays dates only from 1591, and that of the Coventry plays from 1534. The Wakefield MS. is older, viz., of the fifteenth century, and that of the York Mystery plays is supposed to be about 1430–40.

The fragments in the Shrewsbury MS. are demonstrably older than the last of these, and belong, so far as I can judge, to the beginning of the fifteenth century.

The MS., marked "Mus. iii. 42," consisted originally of 43 leaves. The 3 fly-leaves at the beginning have nothing to do with it. There were 5 quires of 8 leaves and 1 quire of 3 leaves. Leaf 9 has been cut out, leaving 42 leaves. The signatures, all in a late hand, are quite wrongly marked, and may be disregarded. Leaf 1 is a palimpsest leaf; but the original writing can be traced, and the words are the same as on leaf 2, back.

The first 36 leaves are taken up with Latin anthems, &c., all carefully set to music, and written in a clear and regular hand, with rubrics. The contents are as follows:

1. "Centum quadraginta," &c. (Rev. xiv. 3, 4), followed by "Cedentem (for Sudentem) in superne maiestatis arce," &c.; leaf 3.

2. In die purificacionis, ad preces: "Hodie, Beata virgo," &c.; leaf 3, back.

3. In die palmarum: "Ea rex venit manus tuus," &c., with "Gloria laus"; leaf 4, back, and 5, back.

4. In die palmarum: "Passio domini"; leaf 7, back.

5. In vigilia Pasche: "Rex sanctorum angelorum"; leaf 14.

6. In die Pasche, ad process: "Salve, festa dies"; leaf 15, back.

7. In die Pasche: "Crucifixum in carne"; 17, back.

8. In die Pasche, Ad vesperas: "Laudate, pueri"; 18.

9. In translacione sancti Cedde: "Salve, festa dies"; 23, back.

10. In die Ascencionis: "Salve, festa dies"; 25, back.

11. In die Pentecost: "Salve," &c.; 27.

12. In ebdomada pentecost Feria ija, iija, & iiija cantabitur iste cantus ad process: Sancti spiritus Assit nobis gratia; 49.

13. In festo corporis christi: "Salve"; 32, back.

14. In festo dedicacionis ecclesie: "Salve," 35, back.

I note that Langland clearly followed Anthems 3 and 4, which he quotes in *Piers Plowman*, B. xviii. 1-68. His gloria laus (in 1. 8) refers to six elegiac lines, beginning—

"Gloria laus et honor tibi sit, rex criste redemptor,  
Cui puerile decus promsit hosanna plium."

Cf. *Hymns Ancient and Modern*—"All glory, laud," &c.

But on leaf 38 the real interest begins with a rubric from Luke ii. 8, followed by English verses, in a smaller writing, but by the same hand. Of this portion Dr. Calvert made a transcript, which he sent to Dr. Clark, who, again, sent it on to me. In this it was duly noted that certain words, or pairs of words, occurred frequently in the margin, and the puzzle was to elucidate these. I could make nothing of them, beyond guessing that they belonged to imperfect lines. On this, Dr. Calvert kindly procured us permission to inspect the MS., whereupon the full significance of these "side-notes" at once appeared, and I was enabled to solve the whole problem.

The fact is that there are three distinct fragments. Each of these contains portions of a scene in a play. These portions all belong to one actor, and the "side-notes" give, in fact, his catchwords or cues.

This actor doubtless performed all three parts. He was the Third Shepherd in the play of "The Angels and Shepherds"; he was the Third Mary in the scene at the sepulchre; and he was one of the two disciples who went to Emmaus. Moreover, of these two, he was certainly Cleophas, as I shall show.

That he was the Third Shepherd appears

from the heading—"iijus pastor." That he was the Third Mary appears from the heading—"iija ma," i.e., "tertia maria," which was very puzzling to read; and that he was Cleophas appears from the fact that he had to sing in the chorus of the apostles at the end; and the words suit him better than they do St. Luke, who, according to tradition and the Coventry Mysteries, was Cleophas's companion.

The dialect is clearly Northern, and I fully believe it is Yorkshire, in particular. It is obviously allied to the York Mystery plays, with one stanza of which the Shrewsbury MS. agrees, though there is a wide general difference. Perhaps the fragments belong to the lost set of Beverley plays (see *York Mystery Plays*, ed. Miss T. L. Smith, p. xliv., &c.). The language is just that of the York plays, as exemplified in such characteristic words as these: *mun* "must"; *myernes me* "I remember"; *in hy* "in haste"; *nem* "to name"; *thar* "he need"; *frely fode* "noble creature"; *gaynest* "nearest"; *bedene* "at once"; *wil of red* "at a loss what to do"; *s'myn* "together"; *withouten trayne*; *apert*; *mased* "astonished"; *couth* "could"; and the like. We even find *at* for *to* with the infinitive, a strong mark of Northern dialect.

In the coincident stanza (*York Plays*, xv. 120-131) this MS. has an older reading. It corrects the line—"And it will herbar [harbour] fourty pese" to "That may herbar an hundred pese," which reads better and preserves the alliteration. The whole is written seriously and poetically, with skilful alliteration, and clearly exhibits an old and valuable text. I hope to print the whole text in a future letter.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

#### THE SOURCES OF MALORY'S "LE MORTE DARTHUR."

38 Museum Street, London, W.C. : Dec. 26, 1889.  
When I undertook two years ago to edit Caxton's impression of "Le Morte Darthur," it was my desire to produce a standard edition in token of gratitude to the English people for the hospitality I have always received in their wonderful national library. My studies have necessitated my working in several great libraries; but I feel that my results are chiefly due to the wealth of material and the admirable organisation of the British Museum. My work is now nearly completed. The second volume is, for the greater part, in the printer's hands, and will, I trust, be ready by the end of February 1890.

The result of my researches surpasses all my anticipations. I have been enabled to determine exactly Malory's position in the history of English literature. I can clearly show what were the versions of the sources he used, and how he altered and added to them to suit his purpose. There is no reason to suppose, as Leland is said to have done (though I cannot find any such passage in his works) that Malory was a Welshman; nor was he, as often asserted, a mere translator. He evidently endeavoured—and with no little measure of success—to weld into an harmonious whole the immense mass of French romance. After a comparison with the sources, his work gives the impression that he did not servilely copy his originals, but that he had read various versions, and that he impressed upon the whole the stamp of his own individuality. He certainly did as much as many of the French compilers, who only retold what they had heard or read in their own tongue, while Malory combined both English and foreign romances. Sir Walter Scott says of "La Morte Darthur," that "it is indisputably the best prose romance the English language can boast of"; I may add, also, that it is one of the most im-

portant and interesting, considering the great influence it has exercised not only on the formation of English prose style, but also on the subject-matter of English literature.

I venture to submit as fairly certain the following results respecting the sources of Malory's *rifacimento* of the Arthurian romances.

For the first four books Malory follows the version of the "Suite de Merlin," represented by the unique MS. now in Mr. Alfred Huth's possession (published by G. Paris and J. Ulrich for the Société des Anciens Textes français). Chaps. ix. to xviii. of the first book are, however, intercalated. They describe Arthur's first war, his alliance with Ban and Bors, and the assistance he rendered to king Leodegan, as told in MS. Add. 10292 in the British Museum, and in the unique English version, printed from a Cambridge MS. by the Early English Text Society, and edited by H. B. Wheatley under the title of "Merlin." It has further to be remarked that the Huth MS. is not perfect, leaving off in the middle of the adventure of Marhaus, Gawain, and Vwayne with the three damoyse, so that we lack a positive source for the last few chapters of the fourth book.

The fifth book is not, as Gaston Paris supposes (*Huth Merlin*, Introd., p. lxxii.), taken from the "Merlin ordinaire," but is a prose rendering of the English metrical romance, "Le Morte Arthur," represented by the Thornton MS. in the Lincoln Cathedral Library, edited by J. O. Halliwell (1847), G. G. Perry (1865), E. Brock (1871). Moritz Trautmann, in his treatise on the poet Huchown (*Anglia*, i., 1868, p. 143), was the first to point out that Malory used the work of this poet; but his characterisation of Malory as a "Zusammenstoppler" is unjustifiable. That Malory really used Huchown's work can be proved in many cases, where the alliteration of the metrical version has been retained in the prose. But he suppressed the conclusion of this work, for which he followed, as will be shown presently, another version.

The sixth book is throughout taken from the "Launcelot," as represented by about a dozen MSS. (more or less complete, and resembling one another). Of this there are several printed editions (in French) of the beginning of the sixteenth century, all to be found in the British Museum.

I cannot trace the seventh book in any of the numerous MSS. I have studied. This book, which describes the adventures of Gareth (probably the Gaheriet, or Guereshes of other English and French romances), brother of Gawain, called Beaumayne by Kay, has all the character of a folk-tale, differing greatly from the other books. I am inclined to believe that it does not belong to the Arthurian cycle at all, but was adopted by Malory from some lost French lay. This hypothesis is strengthened by the fact that in none of the versions that I have read is the slightest reference made to the exploits of Gareth on his way to the castle of the Lady Lyonesse; nor are the five brothers whom he overcame in this expedition mentioned.

The eighth, ninth, and tenth books follow the prose version of "Tristan," represented by MS. 103 of the Bibliothèque Nationale. This also was printed several times at the latter end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, and copies are in the British Museum.\* This version is generally attributed to Luces de Gast, and differs greatly from the so-called enlarged "Tristan" of Hélie de Boron, represented by MSS. Add. 5474, Royal 20 D ii. and Egerton 989. Chaps. xxi. to

\* Gaston Paris, *Romania* xv. 1886, p. 481, note, says: "Les éditions n'ont pas été faites sur ce ms. même, mais sur un ms. très voisin, qui ne diffère du 103 que par de détails de style," &c.

xxviii. of the tenth book are, however, intercalated, and follow the version of a French MS. (Add. 25434) of the British Museum, which has never been printed (comp. Ward, *Catalogue of Romances*, pp. 371-72). This MS., as well as Harl. 1629, contains the "Prophecies of Merlin," said to have been translated out of Latin by "mestre richart dyrlande," at the command of the Emperor Frederick II., which entirely differ from Geoffrey's version. Mr. Ward's remark that ff. 67 and 68 of Harl. 25434 were, perhaps, the ones missing in Add. 25434 does not seem justified; the two hands are different, the lines in Harl. are a little shorter, and Add. has long / and Harl. s. There exists also an English metrical version, "Sir Tristrem," which has been edited by Sir Walter Scott, and again by E. Koelbing, from the famous Auchinleck MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Though this version is entirely different from the one Malory follows, I found a peculiar coincidence between the two. When Tristram comes for the first time to Ireland to have his wound healed, he declares, according to Malory, that he is called Tramtryst. This rather clumsy attempt to conceal his name is not in Malory's French source, where Tristram only says:

"Sire deist il ie suys de leonoys pres de la cife dalbime, ie suys ung cheuallier deshantie et malade qui me suys mys en advanture en este mer si suys cy arrive pour sauoir se ie pourroye trouuer guerison de maladie."

The metrical romance reads, v. 1187-88 (Koelbing's edition):

"Tristrem he gan doune lain  
And seyd, Tramtryst he hiȝt."

The same occurs in the Old-Norse version of Tristram (*Tristram's Saga of Isundar*, Cod. A. M. 567 and Cod. A. M. chart. 543, Copenhagen, ed. by E. Koelbing, 1878), and in the "Tristram" of Gottfried of Strassburg (comp. Koelbing, introd., p. li.).

The eleventh and twelfth books are again drawn from the above-mentioned "Launcelot," save the last three chapters of book xii., relating the fight between Tristram and Palomydes and the subsequent christening of Palomydes, which are not to be met with in any of the two above-quoted versions of "Tristan." In MS. Add. 5474, on fol. 301, col. 2, an account is given of the christening of Palomydes, but it differs widely from Malory's version.

It is not quite clear what Malory means by saying at the end of book xii.: "Here ends the second book of syr Trystram that was drawn out of Frensshe, but here is no rehearsal of the thryd book." The source that he follows for his whole account of Tristram consists only of two books, therefore he must either refer to the enlarged "Tristram" of Helie de Boron, or he knew another third part which we no longer possess. I believe that he meant the "Tristan" of Helie de Boron, for the following reason. In book xix., chap. xi. (21-23) and book xx., chap. vi. (15-20), Malory refers to Tristram's death, as being stabbed from behind by King Mark. This exactly corresponds to the "Tristram" of Helie de Boron (Add. 5474, fol. 290, verso):

"Ensi comme tristram aloit harpant devant la roine yeut enguise de menestrel & li rois march le fier p[er] derriere dan glaue."

Similar is the account given in the romance of "Meliadus." The king there dreams that Mark stabs his nephew, "iusques a la croix parmy le corps."

From the thirteenth to the seventeenth book Malory relates the Queste of the Holy Grail, as we find it in the "Launcelot," and as it has been edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall for the Roxburgh Club (1864) from MSS. Royal, 14 E. iii. and Add. 10294 in the British Museum.

The eighteenth book is one of the most difficult to settle. Compared with "Launcelot," there are many feats peculiar to both; and compared with the English metrical romance, the same can be noticed. Malory alters here considerably the sequence of the incidents. The great tournament at Winchester, with the story of the mayden of Astolot, takes place previous to the incident of the queen's dinner and her accusation by Mador, contrary to Malory's account. It is not at all improbable that Malory knew a source which combined the peculiarities of the two versions, though I do not believe it. The twenty-fifth chapter of this book, in which true love is likened to summer, is evidently Malory's own composition, as also are the first few lines of the first chapter of book xx., and some other passages in books xx. and xxi.

As to the nineteenth book, I agree with M. Gaston Paris (*Romania*, xii., 1883, pp. 459-534) that Malory had another source besides the "Launcelot" from which he drew the first part of the episode of Meleagant and Gueneuer, though I could easily account otherwise for Queen Gueneuer's "mayeng," which persisted among all ranks in England as late as the latter part of the seventeenth century. The whole incident is omitted in the metrical version, Harl. 2252. I can nowhere trace the contents of the last four chapters of this book, describing the healing of Vrre's wounds by Launcelot. This incident is either taken from the lost source which supplied the introductory chapters of his book, or it is adopted from some lost French lay, like book vii. In my opinion, the enumeration of the knight's handling Vrre's wounds, which occupies almost the whole of chap. xxi., is Malory's own composition. He seems to have had a predilection for such catalogues of names, as can be seen from several other passages of his work.

Books xx. and xxi. are drawn from the metrical version of "Le Morte d'Arthur," edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, from Harl. 2252, for Macmillan (1864), and from the "Launcelot." With regard to the latter, it was again the reproduction of the alliteration and the occasional repetition of a whole line, with inverted sequence of words, which guided me.

Such is the outline I hope to fill out with details in my treatise on the Sources of "La Morte Darthur." I publish it now in the hope of obtaining some information about the three passages I cannot trace.

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

#### A TWENTY YEARS' LOVER OF BROWNING IN 1856.

Hampstead : Dec. 29, 1889.

There must always be a special delight in the feeling that where greatness has shown itself, there has been insight to recognise it from the first.

Readers of the ACADEMY are too familiar with the history of the illustrious career which closed on December 12 to be unaware that at its very beginning there was not only recognition of the poet, but that high reverence which is due to the master and seer.

In one of the recent obituary articles it was said that Robert Browning was at once felt to be a king, even if he had but one subject. This seems to be clearly expressed in the following lines, written in 1856, of a "twenty years' love" for him. It gave Mr. Browning pleasure when, several years ago, I showed them to him. I owe the permission to print them to the kindness of Miss Viola Cramp, the daughter of the writer, who says to me :

"I had only this summer the testimony of [my father's] oldest friend to his appreciation of the first of Mr. Browning's things that were given to

the public, and of his emphatically saying that the world must listen to him some day."

EMILY H. HICKEY.

"Ah ! and so you would not see Browning With your friend, but stopped away ! Although it had been the crowning Of twenty years ! that day ! To hear him talk, and mark his smile, Read the light in his eyes—your eyes large the while !

"Why, what was the cause ? a reverent fear ; Or a faithless dread of a dream undone ? It could hardly be that, for you hold him, I hear, As the first of Poets under the sun ! Just so ; and that was the reason, I say, Why I baffled my wishes and stopped away !

"Easy to rush to his presence, and stare ! The heart's wonder in my gaze— As the multitude flock to the trumpet's blare When, 'neath the banners' blaze, In the hour's triumph, a hero rides Through the peoples, surging on all sides.

"And that were well ; my heart would leap As he passed, in glory, along ; 'Mid the wide hurrahing, loud and deep ; But—to step from out the throng, And idly check his barb's proud pace, And singly greet him face to face,

"Were a different thing ! great grace to me ! But to him ? that's another case. Homage to him would mere gratitude be ; But should I stand in my place ? Let my pride be still, and, leave in the throng One voice more to hail as he rides along !

"And I have a little tower of my own ; Half ruined, lone, and rude, From whose height I can watch as he mounts his throne

In his own right, for others' good ; But I must watch this from my tower lone, For what am I—to approach his throne !

"So, I think you may see ('tis not hard to read), Why from Browning I stopped away ; In truth, the pleasure was not my need ; Though the sun shines every day, And I, with the world, its light have won, I can get no nearer to the sun !

"Thus, I did not meet great Browning, But stubbornly stopped away, Though, certes, it had been the crowning Of twenty years' love, that day !

WM. ARCH. CRAMP (1856).

#### THE BRITISH RECORD SOCIETY.

124 Chancery Lane, W.C. : Dec. 27, 1889.

Referring to Mr. Rye's letter in the ACADEMY of December 14, which unfortunately I overlooked until to-day, may I observe as follows ?

(1) As regards the title, "British Record Society," it is sufficient to point out that the resolution for the foundation of the society contemplates not merely indexes and calendars, but also abstracts thereof, or in special cases the full text. Either of the suggested alternative titles, "Index Record Society" or "Record Index Society," would therefore be an inaccurate description of our aims. At the same time as our main object is to provide keys to the records in the shape of indexes and calendars, that principal function of the society will be clearly indicated by our retention of the title of "Index Library," which was adopted for the fasciculus of record calendars edited by me for the last two years. (2) As to the charge of publishing indexes, &c., by bits at a time, most persons, I think, prefer having them in that way at regular intervals, rather than waiting for complete volumes, which societies are too apt to issue at indeterminate periods. (3) Lexicographical indexes, I agree with Mr. Rye, are a necessity, if waste of time is to be avoided ; but the want of such is not a

charge which can be laid to the "Index Library." The first volume we completed, "Northampton Wills," contains a full lexicographical index; the second, "Royalist Composition Papers," was arranged in lexicographical order; the third, "Chancery Proceedings," is merely the first portion of the calendar for those records for Charles I's reign; and a lexicographical index is not feasible until we have printed the whole. "Berkshire Wills," now in the press, is arranged lexicographically, which order will also be followed when we print Mr. Hall's calendar of "Sussex Wills." A lexicographical index to the nearly completed "Signet Bills," is in course of preparation; and I doubt not that the council will take care to add such an index to "Lichfield Wills" as soon as the calendar thereof is wholly in type.

W. P. W. PHILLIMORE,  
Hon. Sec. British Record Society.

THE "ORTUS VOCABULORUM" OF WYNKYN DE WORDE.

149 Tufton Park Road, N.: Dec. 27, 1889.

May I be allowed to add a few words to my letter of last week? If there be an error in Dibdin's description of the *Ortus* of 1516, it is at least not due to him, for it appears in the same form in both Herbert and Panzer.

The true explanation perhaps is that these writers, or their authorities, quoted solely from the title, being either in ignorance of, or neglecting to use, the colophon to the volume.

R. G. C. PROCTOR.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, Jan. 5, 4 p.m. South Place Institute: "Armenia," by Mr. M. Seavasy.

MONDAY, Jan. 6, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Egyptian and Assyrian Marbles in the British Museum," by Mr. Louis Fagan.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Painting," I., by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Practical Certainty the Highest Certainty," by Mr. R. E. Mitcheson.

TUESDAY, Jan. 7, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Electricity" (adapted to a Juvenile Auditory), V., by Prof. A. W. Rucker.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 8, 8 p.m. Geological: "Some British Jurassic Fish-remains referable to the Genera *Eurycoris* and *Hypacoris*," by Mr. A. Smith Woodward; "The Pebidian Volcanic Series of St. Davids," by Prof. C. Lloyd Morgan; "The Volcanic Rocks of Mont Genèvre," by Messrs. Grenville A. J. Cole and J. W. Gregory.

8 p.m. Microscopical: "The Variations of the Female Reproductive Organs, especially the Vestibule, in different Species of *Uropoda*," by Mr. A. D. Michael.

8 p.m. Cymrodon: "James Howell and the *Familiar Letters*," by Mr. Joseph Jacobs.

8 p.m. Elizabethan: "Shaksperian Tragedy," by the Rev. H. C. Beeching.

THURSDAY, Jan. 9, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Electricity" (adapted to a Juvenile Auditory), VI., by Prof. A. W. Rucker.

6 p.m. London Institution: "Birth and Growth of Worlds," by Prof. A. H. Green.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Painting," II., by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.

8 p.m. Mathematical: "The Deformation of an Elastic Shell," by Prof. H. Lamb; "The Relation between the Logical Theory of Classes and the Geometrical Theory of Points," by Mr. A. B. Kempe.

FRIDAY, Jan. 10, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Irrigation Works on the Cauvery Delta," by Mr. A. Chatterton.

8 p.m. New Shakspeare: a Paper by Mr. R. G. Moulton.

SCIENCE.

*History of Phoenicia.* By G. Rawlinson. (Longmans.)

The *History of Phoenicia* is the valedictory bequest to the public of the late Camden Professor of Ancient History at Oxford. It worthily closes a career of useful and scholarly work which embodies the true ideal of a professor's duty in the midst of a gainsaying

generation. In days when recent legislation has endeavoured to transform the professor into an overpaid college lecturer without pupils, it is good that there should still be a few among us who hold fast to the older and better conception of what a professor ought to be.

But there are signs in the book before us that Canon Rawlinson has lost somewhat of the youthful energy that once characterised him. There is still the same clear and flowing style, still the wealth of classical quotations and the excellent and numerous illustrations to which his former works have accustomed us. But we miss that extensive acquaintance with the modern literature of his subject which the student of ancient history is now in the habit of demanding. The Germans are conspicuous by their absence from his pages. Even the classical work of Movers is not only not quoted in his notes, but is not even mentioned in the list of authorities at the end of the volume. Excellent as the book is, especially in its geographical and more purely historical portions, this disregard of modern research is a distinct loss. He who would thoroughly master all that is known of one of the most interesting nations of antiquity must read the volume by the side of Pietschmann's *Geschichte der Phönizier*, which is now appearing in Oncken's "Allgemeine Geschichte." The two books supplement and complete one another, and illustrate admirably the respective excellencies and defects of English and German scholars.

The question of the origin of the Phoenicians affords a good example of the loss occasioned by a neglect of recent researches into Phoenician history. Canon Rawlinson adopts the time-honoured view, in which, I must add, I agree with him—according to which the Phoenicians originally migrated from the islands and coasts of the Persian Gulf. In quoting the testimony of Trogus Pompeius on this head, he identifies "the Assyrian Lake," where the Phoenicians are said to have settled before they reached the Mediterranean, with the Sea of Nedjif, near Babylon. But Gutschmid has shown that the true reading of the passage is not *Assyrium stagnum*, but *Syrium stagnum*, "The Syrian Lake"; and, since the cause of the departure of the emigrants from their original home is stated to have been an earthquake, the story has been brought into connexion with the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the Syrian Lake identified with the Dead Sea. Canon Rawlinson might, at least, have referred to this opinion, and, in any case, have given the reading which is that of the MS. The opinion has been supported by such eminent authorities that it needs to be refuted before the other view can be allowed to retain possession of the field. Personally I do not think that a refutation would be difficult, but I also think that it ought to have been attempted.

I did not intend, however, to exercise the immemorial privilege of the reviewer, of finding fault. The *History of Phoenicia* is by far the best account of the old Phoenician cities, their commerce and their art, which has ever been put into the hands of the English reader. It is a book heartily to be recommended to the student of the past. We have chapters

on the geography and climate of Phoenicia, on its towns and colonies, on the characteristics of the people, on their architecture and art, their trade and their costume. There are also chapters on their religion and their writing, which are, however, not quite up to the level of the rest. It may be noted that Canon Rawlinson regards the Phoenician alphabet as originating in hieroglyphs invented by the Phoenicians themselves—a view which has found but few supporters among modern enquirers. The argument from the fact that the letters have Phoenician names has as little force as the argument that the letter A was derived from an English picture of an archer, because children were once taught that "A was an archer, who shot at a frog." It is curious that Canon Rawlinson never refers to Canon Isaac Taylor's exhaustive investigation of the whole question.

It is possible that the spade of the excavator may, before long, clear up the difficulties which now surround the subject. The newly found inscriptions of central and northern Arabia tend to refer the use of the Phoenician alphabet to a much earlier date than had hitherto been suspected, and Mr. Petrie's recent discoveries in Egypt are full of promise for the future. The student of ancient oriental history has been so accustomed of late years to archaeological surprises that nothing now seems to him impossible.

A. H. SAYCE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INSCRIPTIONS FROM NAUKRATIS.

Königsberg, Prussia: Dec. 17, 1889.

Only to-day have I seen the letter of Mr. E. S. Roberts in the ACADEMY of September 14, which appeared during our university vacation, and while I was away from home.

Mr. Roberts, after briefly enumerating the points on which I—as well as Dr. A. Kirchhoff—could not agree with Mr. Ernest Gardner, proceeds to compare some of my later conclusions with those of Mr. Gardner, and to allege that I have now adopted his views.

I am sorry that Mr. Roberts should have thought it necessary to give the question this personal turn. I can only repeat what I said in my first letter to the ACADEMY (July 9, 1887): "It matters very little who is right in such questions; but it matters very much indeed that the truth should be made out and acknowledged as such." Acting on this principle, I laid before the public, in my second paper in the *Rhein. Mus.* (1889, p. 461 sqq.), the results of my later consideration of the matter. I did not care at all whether these agreed with my former opinions, or with those of anybody else. I was glad, indeed, that they coincided in part with some of Mr. Gardner's hypotheses, though I quite overlooked the fact that Mr. Gardner had already put the question, incidentally, whether the three-stroke Sigma was derived from Tsade. I have, however, always been of opinion that, while mere hypotheses may sometimes be of use in scientific matters, the really important thing is to establish hypotheses as truths by means of systematic reasoning. Nay more, I think it is itself a "misrepresentation," as Mr. Roberts styles it, to compare results with one another, rather than the processes by which the results were reached.

And so I leave it to those who are experienced in such questions to decide upon the independent value of my views. I hope ere long to have an opportunity of returning to the subject in another place.

G. HIRSCHFELD.

## SCIENCE NOTES.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish immediately a fifth edition, considerably enlarged, of Sir John Lubbock's *Origin of Civilisation*.

DR. G. M. DAWSON, of the Geological Survey of Canada, has published some notes on the remarkable ore deposit which has attracted attention of late years at the Treadwell gold mine in Alaska. The ore-mass is not an ordinary vein, or lode; but a granitic intrusion, much crushed and altered. Among the secondary minerals, iron-pyrites is found; and microscopic examination of this mineral, by Mr. F. D. Adams, shows that the gold occurs, partly at least, in a free state mechanically enclosed in the pyrites. Such an association has been suspected in many gold reefs; but the proof is rarely so clear as in this case.

## PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE State Council of Kashmir has, on the proposal of the British Resident, Col. P. Nisbet, sanctioned the publication of a systematic catalogue of the Maharaja's collection of Sanskrit MSS. at Jammu, under the editorship of Dr. Aurel Stein, Principal of the Oriental College, Lahore. This collection, although of recent date—having been mainly formed by the late Maharaja Ranbir Singh—is one of the largest in Northern India. It contains over 4000 works, and among them a very considerable number of ancient Sanskrit MSS., purchased for the late Maharaja at Benares and elsewhere in India. The library is preserved in the Raghunath Temple at Jammu, and has not been previously explored by a European scholar. It is mainly due to the interest shown in the matter by Raja Amar Singh, the president of the Kashmir Council of Regency, and by the Resident, that the preparation of a scientific catalogue has now become practicable.

DR. STEIN has been engaged, since a visit to Kashmir in 1888, in researches relating to the Rajatarangini of Kalhana, the Royal Chronicle of Kashmir, with a view to a new edition of this work. During a more recent sojourn in the "Happy Valley," Dr. Stein was fortunate enough to secure the *Codex Archetypus* of all extant Kashmir MSS. of the Rajatarangini, written in the seventeenth century, for the purpose of his edition, and to devote some time to the identification of ancient localities mentioned in the work. A visit to the shrine of Vijayesvara, the modern Bijabur, was rewarded by the discovery of two Sanskrit inscriptions in Sāradā characters. One, dated in the reign of King Rajadeva, goes back to the early part of the thirteenth century.

## MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

## ELIZABETHAN SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, Dec. 11.)

F. ROGERS, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—Miss Grace Latham read a paper entitled "Some Laws in Dramatic Art." Miss Latham remarked that the drama, so far as it represents life, thought, and feeling through the human form, is linked with painting and sculpture; but that it differs from them, as—(1) Its material is the living human being, with whom the subjects it illustrates must be connected. (2) The living material necessitates motion, also progression—the effects obtained being transitory; hence the development of character, plot, &c. (3) The transitory nature of dramatic art obliges it to be produced at fixed times, before many spectators. A picture or statue can wait for beholders, can be seen at any moment. A play must succeed or fail at once, so far as each audience is concerned. The limited time a body of people can be held together causes the abridgment especially characteristic of dramatic art. A crowd is always restless; hence the attention of an audience must be caught, kept, and directed by means of contrast, climax, and

continuity of action, &c. (4) Dramatic art deals with the exceptional moments of life. Plays being usually produced in large buildings, their situations, passions, and characters require to be strongly emphasised to be at all effective; and unless they will bear this treatment they are unfit for dramatic representation. (5) Both eye and ear are appealed to. Opportunity must be provided by the playwright for action and grouping, which may tell their story to the eye, as well as words capable of being said with characteristic intonations. (6) The works of the dramatist, like those of the musician, exist through the co-operation of skilled interpreters, who can use opportunity, work out climax and contrast, and represent character. Without them the writings of a Shakespeare become but poems or tales, unless the student himself possesses dramatic knowledge to create in his mind a vivid picture of their representation, and become his own interpreter.—An interesting discussion followed, in which Mr. F. Rogers, Mr. W. H. Cowham, Mr. F. Payne, Mr. B. Dyer, Mr. J. E. Baker, and other members took part.

## MANCHESTER GOTHE SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, December 11)

DR. A. W. WARD, president, in the chair.—Mr. Precisinger read a paper by Prof. O. H. Herford, of Aberystwyth, on "Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*." This work, the result of a single though not continuous effort (begun August, 1796, finished March, 1797) was, if not the richest, yet certainly the ripest fruit of Goethe's activity during his great Weimar period. In spite of its perfect finish and its homogeneousness, it reflects, though in a manner often subtle and refined, the intellectual, moral, and social strivings of the time and of Goethe himself. The French Revolution, the Italian journey, Goethe's friendship with Schiller, Wolf, Voss, and W. von Humboldt, have all their part in it. Schiller's was perhaps the most important of these influences, as it restored Goethe, as he gratefully owns, to poetry, which he had as good as abandoned. Wolf's theory of the rhapsodic origin of the Homeric poems encouraged Goethe to vie, on a different ground, with the father of poetry; and Voss's *Guide*, a crude though suggestive effort to apply Greek art to German life, was the immediate inspiration, though not the model, of *Hermann und Dorothea*. Goethe took his subject from an unpretending anecdote in the prolix work of G. G. Gücking (1734 and 1737) on the emigration of a Salzburg Protestant community to Prussia and Hanover. This simple story of the wooing of an emigrant maiden by a citizen's son of Altmühl Goethe used, in his own words, for "detaching the purely human element in the life of a small town from its excrescences and at the same time reflecting in a little mirror the great movements of the theatre of the world." The two communities introduced, although of one race, are separated by the broad distinctions of a wandering and a stationary community, which are typified in the two central figures: Dorothea, the self-dependent, heroic maiden; and Hermann, the awkward, home-bred, yet strong and tender youth. The revolutionary upheaval which brings these lovers together is introduced as a needful element in a purely literary conception, the development of idyllic beauty out of distraction and disorder. The reasons for Goethe's success in giving the air of Homer to undisguisedly modern materials are the essential unity of his figures, the broad human basis on which the differences of characters are founded, the absence of any such contrast between refinement and rusticity—as, e.g., in Longfellow's and Clough's epic idylls. The distinction between Goethe's work and all Arcadianism whatsoever is that Arcadia is an imaginary seclusion of elegant and sentimental souls from the stir and stress of life, while *Hermann und Dorothea* is life itself, disengaged, not from its stir and stress, but from the excrescences which overlie and disguise the inner movement of human hearts. *Hermann und Dorothea* was, at the time of its appearance, received with warm applause by the leading German critics, A. W. Schlegel and W. von Humboldt. On the romantics it had little influence, but abroad its classical perfection won for it a place second only to *Faust* among Goethe's works.—In the discussion which

followed, Dr. Ward criticised Goethe's treatment of his metre, and claimed for Greek idyllic poetry its share among the influences upon Goethe's work.

—MR. SCHELLING drew attention to an opera by Mr. Gustav Rösler, founded on the subject of *Hermann und Dorothea*.—Dr. Ward read a short paper on "Count William of Schaumburg-Lippe," whom Goethe, in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, places among those German sovereigns of the eighteenth century who drew into their service distinguished men of intellectual ability to adorn and benefit the society of their states. The count (born 1724), who received his first education in England, was a genuinely kind, lovable man, an independent thinker, a recklessly brave and enthusiastic soldier. He served in Austria and in Portugal, where he came under the influence of that true representative of eighteenth-century reform—the Marquis of Pombal. He published a work on defensive warfare, in order to show how peace could be preserved by readiness for war, and preceded Scharnhorst and Stein in their endeavours to create a national army. The literary names chiefly associated with Count William are Thomas Abbt, the friend of Nicolai, and the author of a brilliant essay on death for our native land, whom an early fate cut off from a promising career as a historian; and Herder, who from 1771 to 1776 was chief officiating clergyman at Bückeburg, the capital of the count's principality. Unfortunately, there was little sympathy, and consequently no harmonious intellectual intercourse between the count and Herder, whose temper lacked the sweet reasonableness with which his great friend Goethe accommodated himself to the narrow sphere of a small state. Count William died in 1776, a few months after Herder's removal to Weimar.

## CYMMRODORION SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, December 18.)

J. ANDREW CORBETT, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. Frederic Seehoem read a paper on "The Celtic Open-field System." Mr. Seehoem observed that German writers on the "Mark" and "Village Community" have left Celtic ground almost unexplored, and have perhaps been too ready to indulge patriotic feelings by assigning a Teutonic origin to a system which they have closely examined only in German districts. On the other hand, even the two recent volumes of the late lamented French scholar M. de Coulanges, though containing chapters of remarkable thoroughness and value on the rural economy of Gaul under the Merovingian kings, and notwithstanding their wonderful lucidity in interpretation of the texts, still leave us quite in the dark as to the origin of the Gallic open-field system. In a letter written to Mr. Seehoem just two years ago, M. de Coulanges expressed his surprise that no trace, or hardly any trace, was to be found in the ancient documents of French history of the open-field system, adding that he was almost willing to concede that possibly it might have had a German origin, seeing that it resembled so closely the system described in the *Germania* of Tacitus. Mr. Seehoem contended, on the contrary, that there are facts which prove beyond reasonable doubt that the open-field system has from ancient times been thoroughly at home in North-West France, and that it was by no means borrowed from a Frankish or other Teutonic source. A visit to Brittany last autumn had enabled him to carry out a personal investigation on the spot. The chief marks of the open-field system he thus shortly described: (1) An open-field township, except near the homesteads, had no permanent hedges. (2) Both meadow and arable lands were open to the common pasture of the flocks and herds of the township except while the grass and corn crops were growing. After the crops were removed the common right of pasture was resumed. (3) And yet, though subject to these common rights, the land for the purposes of the crops was in the private ownership of individual holders. (4) For the purpose of the crops and the private ownership the meadow and the arable of a township were divided into many hundreds and often thousands of narrow strips, or acres, divided by turf banks or ploughed up into high-backed lands laid out so as generally each to embrace a day's ploughing. And the land of each holder was not contiguous, but consisted of a bundle of strips, often

as many as from thirty to sixty scattered about on the whole open field. An examination of this system as it existed in early Britain and Ireland led Mr. Seebom to the belief that it was a Celtic system independent of the Teutonic system, though very possibly having in prehistoric times a common origin in the old Aryan home, or in survivals from the husbandry of still more ancient races on the ground before the coming of the Aryan tribes. A close examination of the husbandry of Brittany, with an inspection of Chartularies and other documents at San Gwenoleu, Plouharnel, Carnac, Redon and elsewhere, together with a philological comparison of agricultural terms, had led Mr. Seebom to the conclusion that the connexion between the systems of Brittany, Cornwall, and Wales is a very striking one; and that in Western France, at any rate, it was a Celtic system, and could not have been an importation into Gaul by the Goths or Franks.—In the discussion that followed Mr. Corbett commented on the fact that no survival of the system was now to be found in Wales, and Mr. G. L. Gomme was disposed to ascribe the system to Roman rather than to any earlier influences.

#### FINE ART.

*The Church Plate of the County of Dorset.*

By J. E. Nightingale. (Salisbury.)

A FEW years ago such a monograph as this could hardly have been produced. Some local antiquary might have contributed a few lines and a rough woodcut, representing one of the more remarkable pieces of church plate in the county, to some local antiquarian publication; and there the information would have lain as much buried as ever. It is only by means of co-operation that the treasures, even of one sort, preserved in a small county, can be described; and such co-operation can only be accomplished when initiated by an authority which commands general respect. The increased attention paid to the preservation of monuments of the past is beginning to produce patent results, and the monograph under consideration is one of them.

The Bishop of Salisbury desired

"to obtain authentic returns of the church plate belonging to every parish in the diocese for the purpose of their being preserved in the diocesan registry. To carry out this design a printed form of return was issued to every incumbent, through the rural deans, stating what special information was required. These were ultimately collected together, and form the basis of the matter now printed."

Other bishops please copy! Needless to say, the returns sent in were full of inaccuracies; but they served as a guide, and greatly abbreviated the work of cataloguing.

The history of Church plate in Dorset resembles the history of that of other counties. Henry VIII. confiscated the great mass of it. Much of what remained was sold for parish expenses. In 1552 Edward VI. appointed a commission to examine the church property and to take away all superfluous plate, leaving only to each church "one, two, or more chalices or cups according to the multitude of people." The account of the church goods in Dorsetshire, drawn up by these commissioners, is fortunately preserved in the Record Office; and Mr. Nightingale has printed that part of it which refers to the plate. Six parishes are recorded as possessing three chalices each, fifty-five have two chalices, 204 have one chalice. The "worst" was always the one left for future use. Thus, in the year 1552 there were still 265 mediaeval chalices in the possession of the churches of

the county. Of these only three exist at the present day.

The great and final destruction was wrought in Queen Elizabeth's time. In the year 1567 orders were issued requiring the disuse of "massing chalices" and the substitution of "decent communion cups." The chalice was, therefore, everywhere replaced by a cup with a paten cover of very ordinary form, so many examples of which are still found all over England. No less than 104 of such Elizabethan cups remain in Dorsetshire alone, seventy-four of them being hall-marked between 1562 and 1591. Others were clearly of local manufacture, and, though not hall-marked, have one of two (town or maker's) marks, which certainly belonged to someone working in the county. About seventy parishes possess communion plate of the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth century several parishes acquired large additions of single pieces or of sets; while in the present century some fifty parishes are known to have exchanged their old plate for new.

The above brief abstract of Mr. Nightingale's conclusions will serve to show the excellent quality of his work. The bulk of his book is occupied with detailed accounts of the plate in every church, and there are sixteen full-page illustrations of the more remarkable specimens.

W. M. CONWAY.

#### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE usual winter exhibition of "Old Masters" at Burlington House will open next week; the private view is fixed for to-day. It is understood that the special features this year will be collections of the work of Rembrandt and Velasquez, and also a collection of the water-colour drawings of the sculptor Stephens, best known for his Wellington monument in St. Paul's.

THE *Hobby Horse*, for the future, will be issued to none but annual subscribers; only the exact number subscribed for will be printed, and single copies will no longer be procurable. The January number will contain some studies by Sir Frederick Leighton; an essay upon contemporary art, by Mr. G. F. Watts; a poem by Mr. J. Addington Symonds; a notice of Mr. Pater's new volume; and some renderings of Propertius into English prose, by Mr. Selwyn Image, which have been revised by Mr. Postgate.

The *Reliquary* for January will contain "Some Inventories of Church Goods," including relics in Coventry Cathedral, goods of St. Katherine's Hospital, St. Martin's Le Grand Church, Langley Abbey, Norfolk, Howden, Yorkshire, Lowthorpe, Yorkshire, Southwell Church, Notts; also illustrated articles on "The Devil's Arrows," near Boroughbridge, by Mr. A. H. D. Leadman; and on "The Nine Ninnymammers," by Mr. J. T. Micklithwaite.

AT the last general meeting of the Society of Medallists, it was decided to offer prizes of £25 and £5 respectively for medals or models of medals in metal or plaster. Objects in competition should be sent to the secretary, Mr. H. A. Grueber, British Museum, by April 1.

MESSRS. JOHNSTONE, NORMAN & CO., of New Bond Street, have now on view a large stained-glass window, executed by Mr. John La Farge, of New York, whose work on a smaller scale attracted attention at the recent exhibition of American decorative art.

MR. HENRY PFUNGST has just presented to the Nottingham Castle Museum a fine water-colour drawing by Hamilton.

THE amount already received by the Society for the Preservation of the Monuments of Ancient Egypt is a little more than £400. Subscriptions should be sent to Mr. E. J. Poynter, 28, Albert Gate, S.W.

#### THE STAGE.

*Dramatic Works.* By T. W. Robertson. With Memoir by his Son. (Sampson Low.)

The "principal dramatic works" is the full entry on the title-page; for to print the whole of them would have been unadvisable, T. W. Robertson having been a most prolific writer, some of whose efforts did not pretend to permanent value. No less than fifteen plays, however—including a posthumous farce, and one or two larger plays of dubious success—are included in the two portly volumes which are now before us; and the reader is unquestionably enabled—and it is for the first time—to judge, in the quietude of the study, what is the real rank of a writer who, after years of failure, became for a few years very popular, and who, after these few years of great popularity, fell not indeed into dispute, but into comparative neglect. We need not be concerned with any very elaborate enquiry into the sources of Robertson's fascination for what was at least an important moment in the history of our stage, but we may declare with a certain amount of confidence that the truth in the matter of Robertson's merits lies between the two extremes. He was not the lasting and the dazzling genius which some of his friends esteemed him to be. He was not, on the other hand, the purely ephemeral writer that it has of late, in more quarters than one, been the fashion to represent him. Nor is there anything surprising in the position he took up. When one knows, along with his work, something of his circumstances, the connexion between the two is both interesting and easy to trace. Of his life and of his circumstances, the work—poor at first, then finer, then a little wearied and ordinary—was the very natural result.

The genuineness of Robertson's inspiration, such as it was, and his entire unconventionality were the causes of his first successes, in so far as these were to be attributed to literary qualities at all, or to those powers of observation of life which it was the business of his literature to embody. But of course his quite exceptional knowledge of stage requirements—a familiarity with the theatre which was wholly advantageous, inasmuch as he contrived to keep his independence of vision in spite of it—was of immense assistance to him (as the same has been to Mr. Pinero) in assuring him of what was possible and what was effective. A wider and more varied observation of life would have permitted him to be as true in depicting one phase of society as in depicting another. As it was, while his Krux is a portrait, and, in another social stratum, his Tom Stylus is a portrait, there is a certain indefiniteness—for once, perhaps, the taint of conventionality—in his sketches of "the great world." Extraordinary personal sympathy with the soldier—the poor man himself, in the depths of his poverty,

was once on the very point of enlisting—kept him right in all those episodes in which the military are concerned. It is a great mistake to declare that T. W. Robertson's pieces are not of the kind that one can read. They can be read and be found interesting; read and found, at the very least, entertaining. But though this is so, and though they, or the best of them, will likewise hold their own yet awhile, we do not feel sure that it can be said of Robertson that he brought into his literature a new view, or a strikingly individual view of life. What he did was to bring on to the stage a view of life that had not obtained hitherto in that region. And when he made the effort to leave what we may fairly call high comedy, or the higher kind of *genre*, for the more essentially dramatic, the more stirring, the more profound, it is probable that what told against him was a certain inability on his part to reach the violent or to reach the intense. I do not know that throughout his work there is a trace of the capacity for any great passion. Mr. John Oxenford, when he was praising "Caste," in the *Times*, could well and truly lay stress on the "epigrammatic tendency that pointed the entire fable"; on a "predilection for domestic pathos," which almost implies an indisposition for tragedy; and on a "freedom from convention in the delineation of characters." Furthermore, it is but just to remember—and Robertson's son dwells on it so much that we are caused to remember it permanently—that the success of Robertson's pieces was not dependent on their performance by any particular company. A certain method and a certain scale of theatre did undoubtedly associate themselves with the success. At the Haymarket there was not the enthusiasm that there had been at the Prince of Wales's. But "Society" had triumphed at Liverpool, under the direction of Henderson, before ever it triumphed in Tottenham Street; and Miss Sophie Larkin was the only player who appeared in the two places.

The details of his father's life, which Mr. Robertson the younger gives us, are very interesting. They tell us of his honourable origin and of his life of struggle. The sometime manager of "the Lincoln circuit" had much reason to be proud of his family, the youngest of whom—it could be no other than Mrs. Kendall—is now admittedly the greatest of English actresses, and the eldest of whom was, at all events for a few years, the most prominent dramatist of his period. T. W. Robertson's conduct, all through life, was such as might have been looked for from the son of rightly respected parents. He was the soul of honour and of kindness. Like many Englishmen, he bore adversity with courage; and, unlike many Englishmen, his head was not turned by a wholly unlooked-for prosperity. When his father's pecuniary fortunes gave way, and "the Lincoln circuit" had to be broken up, Robertson was thrown, very young, entirely on his own resources. He acted a little, but never it seems with much success. He took to writing; and, as he had lacked the opportunity to master any particular subject, it was to the smaller imaginative work—*belles lettres* of the humbler kind—that he naturally drifted. Certain studies of theatrical types, which he made not at all in the first days of his writing, are, if I

remember accurately, noteworthy examples of real observation and of a happy fashion of recording it. But after the long-delayed success of his dramatic endeavours, Robertson was not likely to do much more to the social essay or the imaginative sketch. Play now followed play somewhat rapidly; and there can be no doubt that, in his later days, both Robertson's health and the quality of his work suffered by the superabundance of his labours. Herein he waited, as it seems to me, wisdom. It is not unkind to suggest that he should have been content to reap his harvest not quite so rapidly. Robertson was twice married, and the son who is his biographer is the son of his first wife. She was an attractive and excellent young actress, who became known to Robertson when he was himself an actor, and who was his companion through all his days of difficulty. Her death and his first assured triumph were almost simultaneous. Three years or so afterwards, Robertson married again. With Bohemia, even of the better kind, he had then absolutely finished; and it seemed that thereafter he worked too hard and lived in a circle that was rather too restricted. He was liked—it may almost be said that he was loved—wherever he went. Much of the charming wholesome spirit of the man survives for us, fortunately, in his plays.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

#### STAGE NOTES.

In common with about a thousand other children—many of them bald-headed and not a few of them grey—we were privileged, on Saturday afternoon, to see the pantomime at Her Majesty's. The treat of Drury Lane—a very great treat, confessedly—has not yet been afforded to us, so that we do not profess to write as experts on the relative merits of the two shows. Comparisons are "odorous"; and whatever may be the triumph of Drury Lane, the show at Her Majesty's is distinctly a great one. "Richard Henry" has written the book—and not too long a book—very neatly; and Mr. Charles Harris's notions of spectacle are of an advanced kind. The absence of buffoonery, too, is much to be commended. While there is a proper harlequinade at the end of the business, the action of the piece itself, and the charm of its spectacle, suffers but little—and that, quite necessary—interruption. Miss Minnie Palmer plays Cinderella, and she is America's favourite representative of the very juvenile person—of what we may call the exaggerated *ingénue*. She has attractiveness of manner, and, especially in speaking, an extremely sympathetic voice—the best and least mannered of "elocution." Miss Robina, who plays far better than she did in "Faust" at the Gaiety, is a very sufficient Prince, though there are rumours to the effect that Miss Violet Cameron, who has been ill, may undertake the part during the latter portion of the run. Three or four good comic men are usefully occupied; and they include Mr. Shiel Barry, who was so wonderful, and so more than comic, in the "Cloches de Corneville," and Mr. Charles Coborn, the hero of the "two lovely eyes" song (we forget whether they were "black" or "blue"). But admirable as these different people's efforts are, it is the spectacle that is "convincing." What a manoeuvring of crowds!—what an arrangement and rearrangement of gay or gorgeous colour. The scenes, by Telbin and by Ryan especially, and Emden's Transformation, are not only elaborate, but of

distinguished beauty. The dances, in themselves, are not perhaps very remarkable—are not up, it may be, to the highest level reached by the modern followers of "the Sallé" and "the Camargo"—but they are at all events of the right kind. The short skirt is chiefly tabooed, and singular grace is secured by the dexterous manipulation of long gown and flowing or fan-like drapery. Truly admirable as may be many things that are done elsewhere, there is no question that the pantomime at Her Majesty's is really a sight to see.

LITTLE Miss Vera Beringer—who, by the bye, unlike most child actresses, grows space—is giving her farewell performances in "Fauntleroy," every afternoon, just now, at the Opera Comique. The cast remains a good one, Mr. Somerset and Miss Helen Leigh still playing admirably the old nobleman and the noisy would-be daughter-in-law, and Miss Elizabeth Robins, returning after her distinguished success at the Criterion, to the charming part of young Mrs. Errol, which she understands so well. As for the "little Lord," Miss Vera Beringer has him at her fingers' ends, so to speak, yet familiarity with the character has brought with it no neglect of the art. And, to show, we suppose, that she is not for ever to be identified exclusively with the rôle that made her famous, Vera Beringer gives a couple of skilful little recitations every afternoon, after the play.

MISS GERALDINE ULMAR AND MISS JESSIE BOND have both, we hear, been "out of the bill" at the Savoy, through temporary indisposition. And at the Shaftesbury, Miss Annie Hughes was for at least two nights unable to act; her place being supplied by Miss Eva Moore. At the Vaudeville, the dramatist, Mr. Buchanan, and the actor, Mr. Thomas Thorne, have both been laid aside. Even theatrical people are not made absolutely of steel, though they come nearer to it, we think, than any other section of humanity.

BY the death of Mr. Frank Marshall—which occurred a few days since, at his house in Bloomsbury—we lose a genial member of society, who was at the same time a good Shaksperian critic. Until lately most of the work we believe, that was connected with the "Henry Irving Shakspeare," had been done by Mr. Marshall, who at an earlier period had seemed a dramatist of promise, and was even, to some extent, a dramatist of performance. He wrote "False Sham"—a play which had a certain character; and by his adaptation of the "Saratoga" of Mr. Bronson Howard (he called his version "Brighton"), he provided Mr. Charles Wyndham with one of those parts which did much to establish a light comedian's reputation for an actor who has since been more ambitious. Mr. Marshall leaves a widow, long known to the stage as Miss Ada Cavendish.

#### MUSIC.

##### RECENT MUSIC PUBLICATIONS.

WAGNER'S *Ring of the Nibelungen*. By Gustav Kobbé. (New York: G. Schirmer.) This little work, which has reached a fifth edition, gives an analysis of the tetralogy with musical illustrations. It is written in a clear and interesting manner, and will prove of great service to those who have not time, or may not be competent, to examine the work for themselves. There is also a short introduction, with some historical and critical remarks. Mr. Kobbé points out one fault in the dramatic construction of the "Ring"—viz., the prolonging of scenes which are merely episodic. In this most critics would agree with him. But he goes so far as to speak of Wotan as a "bore,"

except in the noble scene with Brünnhilde in the finale of "The Valkyr."

*The Organists' Quarterly Journal*, Part 84 (Novello), contains a Preludio Fuga by G. B. Polleri, which obtained a first prize at Padua in 1884. The writing is clever, but not laboured. Moreover, it is not difficult to play. An Allegro Moderato, by R. Ernest Bryson, is a vigorous and effective piece, intended as a concluding voluntary. A Scherzo by the Rev. A. H. Stevens is lively, and the Trio melodious; but the music has little individuality.

*May Margaret*, Choral Ballad, by Erskine Allon (op. 17) (London Music Publishing Co.), is, to our thinking, one of the composer's most successful efforts. The opening chorus is fresh and pleasing, and the music throughout is melodious and unaffected. The work is a short one, and may be recommended to choral societies. The words—by J. Payne—are reprinted by permission from *Songs of Life and Death*.

*Suite for Pianoforte*. By Edward German. (Ashdown.) There is plenty of clever writing in the various numbers; but if the composer means them to be played one after the other, the work is far too long. They are in various keys; and, with the exception of the Bourrée, all the pieces are modern in character. This Bourrée and Elegy No. 4 are the most pleasing. The Tarantella—or Saltarella, as it should have been called—is commonplace.

*Trois Suites, Esquisses Posthumes, Six Préludes*. By Stephen Heller. (Edwin Ashdown.) The name of this composer recalls the many characteristic Etudes and pieces which have been the delight both of teachers and pupils; and anything from his pen will be received with respect and affection. But these posthu-

mous works, though they contain many pleasing ideas and effective passages, show signs of failing powers. Indeed, they had not received the composer's finishing touches before his death, for on the title-page of the three sets we read: "Mises en ordre et achevées par H. Barbedette." Of the Suites, the second is the most attractive. Of the Esquisses, the Barcarolle shows most character; the Fileuse is a good study for the fingers. The Préludes have for us the greatest charm; and, in any case, they are excellent practice.

*Pavane Espagnole, Zambra Granadina, Sevillanas, Barcarolle Cutulane, Cotillon Waltz, Pianoforte Pieces*. By J. Albeniz. (C. Ducci.) This composer, as is well known, has achieved no small success in the performance of his own compositions. They are light and graceful; and by certain nuances and change of time he knows how to impart a certain character and charm to them. If played in an ordinary manner they would produce but little effect. The first is not difficult. The second, also easy, is pleasing in its rhythms. Sevillanas has an attractive principal theme. The Barcarolle commences well, but the middle section is weak. We care least for the Waltz.

*Six Songs*. By Frances Allitsen. (Ascherberg.) No. 1—"Not Quite Alone"—has good feeling and some tasteful harmonies, but the accompaniment follows somewhat too faithfully the voice part. No. 2—to words by Lord Tennyson—is an expressive song, and the music pleases by its weird and unconventional character. No. 3 is less striking, and gives one the impression of having been composed at the pianoforte. Of the remaining numbers, the last—again to Tennyson's words—may be praised for its decisive rhythm and dramatic style.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

#### MUSIC NOTES.

MR. DANNREUTHER will commence his twentieth series of concerts at Orme Square on January 16. The programme on that occasion will include a new pianoforte Trio in E. flat (Op. 35) by Dr. Stanford, and Bach's Suite in B minor for flute and strings. The second concert takes place on January 30. On February 13, a new pianoforte Trio in G by Dr. Parry will be performed; and on February 27 Scambati's pianoforte Quintet will be given for the second time. The programmes also contain interesting pianoforte solos and songs.

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